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The Shape of Things

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GOVERNOR LANDON EMERGED FROM RECENT primary tests somewhat stronger and certainly more talked about than when he went in. Since then, in a radio interview, the Governor has himself had something to say on all the outstanding issues of the campaign, yet his utterances remain wrapped in a fog of non-commitment. Where, for instance, does he stand on Hearst? His advisers claim that the defeat of the Hearst-supported Landon ticket in California was in reality a matter for self-congratulation because it freed the Governor from the uncertain benefits of Hearst backing. But as yet Landon has not used this excellent chance to dissociate himself from Hearst. On other questions of policy he is equally obscure. He says the Republican Party must proceed on "sound and progressive" lines, but does not say what they are. He says he will provide "humanitarian legislation," but what kind he does not reveal. He is going to remove the "disadvantages" under which labor and agriculture suffer, but he does not tell how. He believes in government regulation of business in so far as it "protects, not hampers," and he mentions "the protection of women and children in industry" and "reasonable working hours." But he does not say whether he is for or against the child-labor amendment and a minimum-wage law for women, or what constitutes "reasonable" working hours. On being asked his ideas on social security, he answered, complete with exclamation point, "I am for it!" But what kind, where applied, how implemented, he did not explain. As for foreign affairs, which are more exciting and crucial now than they have been in any Presidential year since 1916, all that Governor Landon could find to say was, "As to our relations with other countries, it might repay all of us to read Washington's Farewell Address again." We have learned to expect campaign utterances to be vague, but Landon sets a new high in sweet evasiveness.

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THE BATTLE BETWEEN JOHN L. LEWIS AND William Green, which is also the struggle between industrial and craft unionism, has been joined on an important issue—the organization of steel. The fight was precipitated when the Committee for Industrial Organization offered the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers $500,000 for a campaign to organize the steel workers along industrial lines. Mr. Green, for the executive council of the A. F. of L. now meeting in Washington, has made a counter offer which excludes the C.I.O.

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and its money, reserves the right of the council to manage the campaign, and provides that jurisdictional rights of all craft unions shall be respected. Mr. Green did not speak of money, but he is quoted as having said that "we will start even if we don't get a dollar." It is no accident that the Lewis group, in this contest, has consistently attacked, forcing the issue at every turn, while Green has been on the defensive, hiding behind jurisdictional rights, accusing his enemy of bad faith, and all the while complaining bitterly. The progressive forces in American labor are solidly massed behind the C. I. O. As we go to press, the convention of the Amalgamated Association in Canonsburg has not decided whether to accept the help of the C. I. O., with $500,000, or the Green offer of a campaign based on the old craft-union policy of divide and rule. A report by Margaret Marshall which appears on another page of this issue indicates that the delegates at Canonsburg and the steel workers in general are overwhelmingly in favor of accepting the Lewis offer. The intrenched officials of the Amalgamated may be able to ward off temporarily the acceptance of an offer which would mean their ultimate defeat. If they succeed, their triumph will be short-lived.

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AFTER THE FRONT-PAGE BALLYHOO ON NEW Deal extravagances and the growing peril of government deficits it is somewhat refreshing to examine the latest Treasury statement, which appears deeply imbedded in the financial section of most papers. For one who believes what appears on the news and editorial pages it is surprising to find that the government's income has increased by more than $250,000,000 in the past ten months despite the invalidation of the processing taxes. General expenditures have also risen, but not as rapidly as revenues, leaving a surplus in the regular budget of nearly $135,000,000. Expenditures for recovery and relief are running approximately $170,000,000 under those of the previous fiscal year, and the total government outlay is only $56,000,000 higher than a year ago. The deficit, with only seven weeks to go in the present fiscal year, is $2,700,851,000 as compared with $2,895,836,000 in the same period last year. While the payment of the bonus in June may cause this year's deficit to exceed last year's, the improvement in economic conditions will ultimately bring about a more nearly balanced budget without the aid of Republican campaign speeches.

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THE LEAGUE COUNCIL HAS OPENED WHAT was to have been the most fateful meeting of its history. It still has a significance, but one that is far different from that envisioned a fortnight ago before the unexpectedly complete victory of Mussolini changed the whole focus of attention. Instead of a final showdown on the question of closing the Suez Canal to Italy, an action that should have been taken in October, the Council is concerned chiefly with keeping up the formalities of resistance to Italian aggression. Admission of the Ethiopian delegate to the Council table has caused the Italian delegation to withdraw from Geneva. Sanctions will apparently not be abandoned for the time being, though only because the small powers have made it difficult for Britain and France to support such action. No leadership has developed from any of the major powers for the type of positive measures which alone could preserve the principle of collective security. Formal non-recognition of Mussolini's *fait accompli* is bound to be ineffective, as Japan has so clearly shown in the case of Manchoukuo. This does not mean, however, that the League should write the whole affair off as a loss and turn its attention elsewhere. To do so would not only indorse Mussolini's triumph but would render further collective action impossible. Non-recognition of Manchoukuo has not checked Japanese aggression, and was not expected to do so, but it has forced Japan into a position of political and moral isolation which definitely limits its strength as a military power. The very fact that Japan has gone to such lengths to attempt to coerce China into recognizing Manchoukuo indicates that the weapon is not wholly meaningless. Italy is far more vulnerable than Japan, both economically and politically. Another six months of sanctions and the Italian people are bound to be restive under the enforced lowering of living standards. The League, if it will, can accelerate that process.

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THE FLIGHT FROM THE FRANC HAS ALMOST overshadowed, for the moment, the more serious task of establishing a stable anti-fascist government in France. That the victory of the *Front Populaire* should provoke a serious financial crisis is scarcely surprising. Ever since the United States abandoned the gold standard it has been obvious that France would ultimately have to take similar action. Attempts to combat the competition of the cheap dollar and the cheap pound by rigorous deflationary measures have caused discontent and dissension at home but have not proceeded far enough to ease the overwhelming pressure on the French economy. Every political disturbance in the past three years has led to huge gold exports, on the theory that the next Cabinet might be the one to take the fateful step. This time devaluation appears inescapable despite M. Blum's statement that it is against Socialist policy. France has lost more than a quarter of its gold reserves in the past fourteen months. Further losses, while not fatal, would provoke additional deflation with its undesirable political and economic consequences. For years the left parties in France have been unable to rule, even when in the majority, because of the threat of a financial breakdown. This time the *Front Populaire* appears to be determined that the will of the people shall not be thwarted. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader and probably the next Premier, has served warning that the new government will not allow itself to be caught in the trap which brought the downfall of Labor in Great Britain and of the Social Democrats in Germany. While it will be impossible for him to proceed with a full Socialist program, he is ready to resort to extraordinary measures, if necessary, to prevent the bankers and industrialists from ruling France in defiance of the recent popular mandate.

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THE CAUSES OF LAST YEAR'S MILK STRIKE IN Chicago are illumined by a recent report by the Federal Trade Commission. Two companies, Borden-Wieland and the Bowman Dairy Company distribute more than 49 per cent of the fluid milk sold in Chicago, and buy 68 per cent of all milk sold through the Pure Milk Association, the nominal representative of the producers. Thus they are able to fix not only the prices charged the consumer but also the price paid the producer. During the strike serious charges were made against the Pure Milk Association, many of which are substantiated by the official report. The contract under which the producers' price is established provides for payments based on two factors—production in 1929 and the price of cheese on the Wisconsin Exchange. Use of the first factor seriously penalizes producers who have increased their herds during the past seven years. Use of the second lends a purely fictitious air of fairness to the entire scheme because the price on the Wisconsin Exchange is not based on market conditions but is arbitrarily set by the large dairy and meat-packing companies. No farmers or producers are represented at the price-fixing meetings. Competition in the retail sale of milk has been discouraged by the monopolists in several interesting ways. The drivers' union is a tool of the big distributors. Membership is denied drivers for independent companies, and intimidation of owners of small stores by union drivers was demonstrated. Membership in the bottling exchange is also limited to the monopolists. Altogether, the trust is shown to have made a pretty thorough job of controlling the Chicago milk industry.

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THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN ITS quadrennial general conference has refused to be stampeded into an anti-radical position as was demanded by powerful lay interests. Representatives of the reactionary elements in the church made no secret of the fact that they went to Columbus with the primary purpose of discrediting the Methodist Federation of Social Service—an independent organization under the leadership of Bishop McConnell and Dr. Harry F. Ward. To make certain that future pronouncements on social and economic policy would be conservative, they sought to have the conference appoint a formal commission to speak for the church in such matters. Bishop Leonard, spokesman for the conservative group, charged the liberals in the church with seeking to "substitute for our Democratic and Republican institutions a planned economy that is alien and godless." So far the reactionary element has been defeated at every point. The committee on the state of the church upheld the right of the federation to use the name "Methodist," since it is comprised of Methodists, and merely declared that such an organization had a moral obligation to make its unofficial relationship "clear at all times." The movement to establish an official commission to pass on social questions has apparently been killed in committee, and there is a possibility that the conference may yet adopt a resolution denouncing the un-Christian aspects of our economic order. The widespread support given a resolution favoring birth control indicates that the Methodists are definitely in advance of many of the other denominations. There can be little doubt that the younger ministers are beginning to recognize that the very existence of the church in coming years is dependent on its courage in facing the great problems of our day.

*

WITH THE PRESENT SESSION OF CONGRESS drawing to a close, it is evident that exceptional pressure will be necessary if the Wagner-Ellenbogen housing bill is to be adopted this year. Reports on its present status differ widely. A week ago President Roosevelt was cited as favoring passage by the present Congress. On another page of this issue our Washington correspondent reports that a new bill is to be introduced within a few days which will be heralded as possessing Administration support. While the details of this bill are not yet available, it is said to provide for an outlay of $75,000,000 during the next year for slum clearance. This is about one-half the amount appropriated under the Wagner-Ellenbogen bill. The arguments against any compromise seem to us overwhelming. Five years ago a leading housing authority estimated that less than half of the homes in the country measured up to a minimum standard of decent housing. Today the situation is admittedly much worse. New housing construction during the depression has not kept pace with the growth in population. Repairs have fallen behind, and the older houses have deteriorated even more rapidly than usual. Private construction of homes for working-class families is practically non-existent. The Wagner bill provides for only a small part of the new housing which is urgently needed, but it represents a beginning and it must not be allowed to languish for another year.

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AT EIGHTY SIGMUND FREUD IS, OF ALL LIVING men, the one who has most profoundly influenced the thinking of his contemporaries. Even Einstein is not a close rival. The real significance of what Einstein has had to say is not accessible to any except highly trained mathematicians, while Freudianism, in however simplified or debased a form, has touched the imagination and to some extent influenced the thought of everyone in the Western world whose illiteracy is not absolute. Even the bitterest of his enemies could hardly deny the fact that his is one of the mightiest of heresies if not one of the mightiest of truths. If the whole of his system were to explode tomorrow, his influence would continue for centuries merely through the adoption into our language of his terminology and his metaphors—precisely as the influence of other exploded sciences, like alchemy and astrology and phrenology, has persisted. Not, of course, that there seems any present likelihood that it will be exploded. The main features of his method and the main outlines of his conception have been quietly assimilated by the medical schools and sanitaria which were looking askance at him not more than twenty years ago. One sometimes hears his doctrine referred to as passé, but that is only by persons who mean that the jargon at intellectual cocktail parties has changed.

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THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE HAS BEEN playing politics so busily of late that one wonders if it will ever have time to adjourn. Although Governor Lehman's social-security legislation was passed unanimously by the Senate, the Assembly has held it up in the Rules Committee while taking trial ballots that showed it would be defeated by three votes. The bill is designed to conform with the federal social-security legislation and would supply federal funds in the sum of fifteen to twenty million dollars a year to augment relatively small state appropriations for old-age pensions, dependent children, the crippled, and the blind. Refusal to pass the measure is evidently a partisan matter. So far only four Republicans are willing to be counted with the Democrats, who are solidly for the bill. The Republicans have thus maneuvered themselves between the devil and the deep sea. If they permit the bill to pass, they will seem to be yielding when a Democratic governor cracks the whip. If the bill is defeated, they will have difficulty explaining why to the voters next November. The Senate Judiciary Committee, which has been considering the child-labor amendment, was too smart to get itself into any such difficulty. The bill was killed in committee, the members promising not to reveal how the vote went. Thus the strong public support for ratification of the amendment which was evidenced in the hearings forced upon the committee against its will was answered by a refusal to present the bill to the Senate as a whole. Since the Judiciary Committee is composed of nine Democrats and five Republicans, the responsibility for defeating the amendment rests squarely on the reactionaries of both parties.

Who Owns States' Rights?

AS WE write there is a lull in the campaign. The Republicans are still maneuvering into various formations around each of their candidates, like an army rehearsing its drills for a battle that will never be won. The Democrats are gloating over the present swing toward Roosevelt, which seems strong enough to survive even the confusion over the tax bill and the pressure of the inflationists. The radical parties, as indicated by Earl Browder's speech before the Youth Congress, have given up their early dream of running a Farmer-Labor Presidential candidate. It is a good time to talk of issues.

The basic issue, of course, is and will continue to be unemployment. However much the campaign orators may seek to avoid it, nothing can qualify its central place in the campaign. All the immediate issues—relief, farm policy, spending, bureaucracy, constitutionalism, social insurance—flow from it or are connected with it. But there is another abiding issue that runs through all these, and that is bound to be given prominence in the campaign. That is the issue of states' rights and local government.

It was inevitable that the states'-rights issue should crop up just now, when an electoral campaign falls in a period of constitutional crisis. In every period of constitutional crisis—at the time of Marshall and Jefferson, in the nullification controversy under Jackson, at the time of the Dred Scott decision before the Civil War—the forces straining against the walls of the American governmental structure have expressed themselves in the controversy over states' rights and federal power. That the problem comes up again so violently is one of the darker signs of our time. Realistic students of government know that any constitutional crisis is merely the expression, in terms of formal legality, of deep-lying cleavages in the economic and social structure of the country. The Republicans, in their zeal for turning whatever comes to hand into campaign ammunition, have of course treated the whole matter as if it were a clear-cut issue of states' rights versus federal concentration. They have thus elevated it into the pure ether of campaign shibboleths, and away from realities. Some people may speak of federal usurpation or "the federal octopus" with a sense of righteous indignation. Others may refer to the outworn geographical boundaries of the states with a tone of blasting contempt. Which of these terms is chosen will depend not upon any superior wisdom or civic virtue but upon the speaker's politics.

We must be careful to distinguish between states' rights as a shibboleth and states' rights as a reality—between the phrase when it is used to conceal some vested interest operating behind the scenes and when it is used to express a genuine part of the American historical tradition. The Republican Party and the conservatives on the Supreme Court are now using it almost wholly in the first sense. And they have produced thereby a real confusion in the minds of the voters. Almost consistently up to the present crisis states' rights have been a weapon in the Democratic political armory. John Marshall, who fought the Democrats during his entire tenure on the Supreme Court, opposed states' rights bitterly. He was the first of the great justices of the court who have shown their skill in adapting their arguments to meet the needs of their economic vision and their political creed. In a series of decisions he limited the state power and expanded the national power, largely because the economic groups whose thought he represented feared the state legislatures but needed national legislation for their economic interests. The Democrats of the day, on the other hand, cried down the federal power and cried up states' rights. Today we have a direct reversal of this situation. The Republicans regard states' rights as their final Gibraltar, and the conservatives on the Supreme Court have gone back on Marshall despite the lip-service they pay to his fame: they turn their eyes with desperate devotion to the ikon of states' rights, while they are throttling the federal power in one decision after another. The Democrats, on the other hand, have conceived a sudden and untraditional love for the federal power.

It seems clear that on this front at least the Democrats have been completely outmaneuvered. They have allowed themselves to be put in the position of opposing states' rights—and have thereby lost the immense emotional support that the states'-rights doctrine would bring with it. We can understand, of course, how this has happened. As the incumbents of national office at a time of drastic

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crisis they have had the need for the extension of the national power brought home to them as never before. The progressive and radical groups also—because of their awareness of the problems of relief, child labor, lynching, and power control—have allowed themselves to be maneuvered into a seeming opposition to states' rights. But this is all unnecessary, unhistorical, and unwise.

The Republicans and the reactionaries among the Democrats are now acting as if they possessed a monopoly of the states'-rights sentiment as well as of some of the more material commodities and amenities in our life. Actually, who owns states' rights? This is an important question. For the doctrine is based on one of the strongest feelings in American life—the sense of localism, the love of neighborhood and the local unit, the roots that one sends down into the soil of one's home region, the sense of kinship with one's regional climate and one's regional way of life. But there is more than regional sentiment involved. Our state units started out by being the centers of democratic and radical thought. Under Daniel Shays, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Andrew Jackson, under the Non-Partisan leagues and the Farmer-Labor leagues they have been the nuclei of populist and progressive sentiment. It was they who originally opposed the wealthy and propertied groups that established the Constitution, and it is they who have been skeptical of the politicians in Washington and the financiers in Wall Street. That is why it is amazing that we should allow a tradition of this sort to be appropriated by the reactionary elements.

The truth is that the statement of the issue—states' rights versus the federal power—is a false statement. What has actually been happening is that the sphere of governmental activities has been extended all along the line. The federal government, the state governments, the local units—all of them have been overwhelmed by the need for taking over functions that had previously been left to the anarchy of individual action. The division of power and responsibility among these units is not a matter to be argued about as a deathless principle or, in Justice Holmes's words, "some brooding omnipresence in the sky." It is a matter purely of economic necessity and administrative efficiency. There are some matters—for example, the control of agricultural production or the regulation of corporate securities—that can scarcely be dealt with except on a federal plane. There are others that can be left to the states, or divided between the state and federal governments. There are still others that can be dealt with most effectively by the local units. Moreover, even where the federal government is called on to exercise its power, the units of administration may well be state or regional.

All these are things that may well be left to plain sense, aided somewhat by administrative experts. The important thing is to recognize that when the federal government assumes its necessary responsibilities, that does not mean any encroachment on states' rights. The groups that are raising that issue care not a whit for states' rights, or for any other traditional American principle. They are concerned only about having business enterprise unfettered by governmental control of any sort.

Why the Frazier-Lemke Bill is Bad

BY the time these words are read, the House will have voted on the Frazier-Lemke bill and, unless the Administration obtains unexpected support, will have passed it. The fact that the bill was called up for vote was in itself a serious setback for the Roosevelt leadership in the House. For more than a year the Rules Committee has prevented the measure from coming on the floor, despite a favorable report by the Committee on Agriculture, only to lose in the closing days of Congress to a combination made up of the farm bloc, inflationists, reactionary Republicans who desired to embarrass the Administration, and progressive Democrats who hoped by combining with other malcontents to force a consideration of other suppressed proposals.

There has been scarcely any important measure up for vote in the House this year on which the public has so little real information as on the Frazier-Lemke bill. When it has been mentioned by the papers at all, there has been an attempt to give the impression that it was another half-baked proposal like the Townsend plan and the Silver Purchase Act. The *Saturday Evening Post,* for example, concludes an editorial on the bill by asking, "Why shouldn't the government do everything for everybody and do it free?" Statements of this type by a paper that has rarely, if ever, taken a progressive stand on any public issue are likely to lead thousands of persons who know nothing of the bill to conclude that it must possess considerable merit.

The *Post* rails particularly at the 1½ per cent interest rate at which it is proposed to refinance all farm mortgages, asking why everyone else should not have the advantage of equally low rates. A partial answer is that the farmer is more heavily burdened by indebtedness than any other important group in the population. According to the most recent available figures, somewhat more than 40 per cent of the farms in the United States are saddled with mortgages. The total value of all farms, including land, buildings, and improvements, was approximately $35,000,000,000 in 1935, which was only about 44 per cent of the 1920 valuation, while the total mortgage indebtedness is about $8,500,000,000 as compared with $7,900,000,000 in 1920. Total farm indebtedness, including short-term debts, is estimated at nearly $12,000,000,000. Despite some improvement in the last few years, the annual interest bill for farmers on all classes of debt is believed to be nearly $800,000,000, which is considerably more than 10 per cent of the farmers' total cash income. In the past five years, moreover, 13½ per cent of America's farm owners have lost their property through foreclosures or forced sales. Although there has been a sharp decrease in foreclosures in the past two years, the number still remains substantially above the pre-depression level. The Frazier-Lemke bill would not only greatly lighten the load of this indebtedness by refinancing existing farm mortgages at 1½ per cent interest, but would extend similar privileges to any farmer who has lost his farm through foreclosure

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since 1921, or to any tenant who desires to purchase an encumbered farm. This interest rate contrasts with the 3½ per cent temporarily being charged by the Farm Credit Administration and the 4 to 5 per cent being charged by banks and insurance companies.

Such a reduction, if it were practicable, would be highly desirable. But unfortunately not even the government can float long-term bonds at 1½ per cent interest. To make up the difference out of the Treasury would involve a huge appropriation. So the proponents of the bill fall back on the old panacea—they would print the money. Recognizing that an avowed printing-press inflation might be unpopular with those who did not receive direct assistance under the plan, the framers of the measure have camouflaged it slightly. Instead of issuing fiat money directly to the present mortgage holders (insurance companies, banks, private individuals, and the federal land banks) the bill provides that the farm-loan bonds shall be presented to the Federal Reserve Board, which shall deliver to the Land Bank Commissioner "Federal Reserve notes to an amount equal to the par value" of the bonds, and that such bonds may be held as security "in lieu of any other security or reserve." A limit of $3,000,000,000 is set on the amount of greenbacks which can be issued, but as this is only a fraction of the existing farm indebtedness we may assume that this restriction could not be maintained if the measure were passed.

For the inflationary feature of the bill there can be no defense. A further reduction in the burden of farm indebtedness is doubtless desirable, but any measure for achieving this should stand on its own feet. It should be the first rule of financial policy that every subsidy should be balanced by direct taxation. Inflation is the most insidious type of indirect taxation. A certain amount of inflation may have been advantageous in 1933, but at the present time, when we have close to $2,700,000,000 in excess bank reserves, a measure of this type would set off a boom for which no adequate check exists. It is possible to deal with the problem of agricultural mortgages without thus courting disaster.

Academic Freedom at City College

THE long history of repression of academic freedom and student liberties at the College of the City of New York has come to a climax with the case of Morris U. Schappes, a tutor in the English Department who has been advised by Professor Charles F. Horne, his department head, that he will not be recommended for reappointment. Mr. Schappes is one of the outstanding younger men on the teaching staff. The best student in English literature at C. C. N. Y. during his undergraduate days, he later obtained a master's decree with honor at Columbia, and subsequently became a frequent contributor to learned periodicals and literary magazines. Less than a year ago the late Professor Harry Krowl, at that time head of the English Department, told him in the presence of witnesses that he was a "good teacher." The senior class in the college recently voted Mr. Schappes the most respected member of the teaching staff. Kenneth Ackley, registrar, says of him: "He is generally recognized as outstanding in his department not only as a scholar but also as a classroom teacher. During registration it is very difficult for the office to prevent Mr. Schappes's sections from going beyond the reasonable classroom limits." This is the man to whom Professor Horne wrote as follows: "A tutorship is, as you know, only a temporary appointment, and your efficiency as a teacher of English has not been sufficiently notable to justify me in asking your appointment as a permanent member of the college staff." It is interesting to note that Mr. Schappes's "temporary" appointment lasted six years.

The real reason for Professor Horne's action is indicated in another paragraph of his letter, which says: "I have been somewhat in doubt as to how to make this clear to you, being unwilling that you should connect this matter with your political beliefs. . . . I have been told that you are a member of the Communist Party, but . . . I do not care. So long as anyone is a satisfactory teacher of English, I shall accept his social creed with complete tolerance." Although Mr. Schappes's party affiliations have never been established, his beliefs are as much a matter of public record as his high academic standing. He is one of the few men at C. C. N. Y. who have dared to take the Marxist position in the interpretation of culture, and he has made no secret of his views. He was one of the founders of the Anti-Fascist Association and a charter member of the Teachers' Union local. Moreover, he was active in the organization of the Instructional Staff Association, formed to protect members of the teaching staff below the professorial rank from President Robinson's well-known system of "getting Ph.D.'s to work for him at bargain prices." On the day Professor Horne's letter was written, Mr. Schappes addressed this year's student peace demonstration.

As a final fascist stroke on the part of President Robinson, the members of the English Department have been advised that they cannot expect promotion if they protest the threat to Mr. Schappes. A petition has been circulated with Professor Horne's approval stating that the signers affirm Professor Horne's authority as head of the English Department. But there has been vigorous student protest, and not without result. The Board of Higher Education on May 1 gave out a statement, in behalf of the board and President Robinson, which declared that although "some recommendations for the non-retention of certain members of the instruction staff of City College" had been made by department heads, no action had yet been taken, no one had been dismissed, and each case would be given full consideration. This at least provides a respite to what appeared to be the beginning of a campaign of intimidation. But the Board of Higher Education should be urged one step farther. "Full consideration" of recommended dismissals should mean public hearings with witnesses on both sides. And charges of incompetence should be made within a reasonable time after appointment—six years is not a reasonable time. With these safeguards teachers in general and Mr. Schappes in particular need not complain.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Representative Ellenbogen

Planning Future Slums

Washington, May 10

THE old double cross is being trundled out, greased up, and made ready for action against the Wagner-Ellenbogen low-cost-housing bill. A rival measure is being rushed to completion by Jesse Jones, master of the RFC's millions and several mortgage companies, with the enthusiastic aid of the FHA. Present plans call for its introduction in the House within a week; it is to be ballyhooed as an Administration measure. Concurrently the Wagner-Ellenbogen bill is to be attacked as a creature of the cities, a bill written for the sole benefit of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and Detroit. All that stands in the way of those plans is the President, and it is at least an even-money bet that he will approve them, for he obviously has no enthusiasm for any bona fide housing program. He is impressed with the fact that such a program cannot be achieved without a lavish outlay of federal funds and without severe damage to the private real-estate-mortgage structure of the country. He seeks only something that bears the "low-cost housing" title to which he may point in campaign speeches.

His attitude has been clear for more than a year, though he has never in that time put it frankly into words. It was made clear when Ickes publicly asserted that low-cost-housing projects were impossible unless the taxpayers paid part of the tenants' rent through public subsidies. The oil magnate then at the FHA's helm immediately engaged Ickes in deadly combat, shouting that what the Secretary of the Interior proposed would "knock the packing out of the mortgage structure." Roosevelt ended the battle in which both sides were right by issuing an order from Warm Springs that the combatants unite in a denial that there was any conflict in their views. Subsequently, under the present work-relief program, he swung around to the Ickes point of view, but quickly curbed the resulting housing operations when he discovered they did not make good relief projects. In the interim, under prodding at press conferences, he has talked many times of housing but always in noncommittal fashion. He alternates between two different speeches on these occasions, and the results are always the same.

In the past week he has used both speeches. One is to the effect that he and his housing consultants have reached substantial agreement as to objectives and hope soon to reach agreement as to details. The other is about how difficult it is to get housing costs down within the reach of the lowest-income groups and how that achievement probably will have to wait upon the development of an industry turning out pre-fabricated houses just as cheap automobiles now are produced. He used the first speech at his Tuesday-afternoon press conference to describe the results of his latest conference on the Wagner-Ellenbogen bill, which, he said, would be pressed at this session but was not to be regarded as "must" legislation. He used the second speech at his Friday-morning press conference, and for quite a different purpose. Those backers of the Wagner bill who were outraged by his references to factory-built houses—and there were many who thought them deliberate sabotage—took him too seriously. The President merely dragged out the old speech in an effort to dull the effects of a story published in the Baltimore *Sun* that morning. The story, written by J. Fred Essary, presented Roosevelt in a light quite different from that in which he stands to receive the adulation and the votes of the wage-earners on whom he depends for reelection. It told how the President was laboring behind the scenes to make peace with the giants of industry and finance who are supposed to be his antagonists. It recounted some of his efforts to reestablish his lines of communication with the nation's economic overlords, so that they may rally their brethren to his support and tap their tills for his campaign funds. It called attention to such recent daytime visitors at the White House as Walter Chrysler, Owen D. Young, and William L. Clayton, ex-Liberty Leaguer, and it went on to tell how men of similar caliber are slipping into the White House for long and secret talks with the President at night. In the latter class of visitors it placed Myron Taylor of United States Steel and Walter Teagle of Standard Oil.

At the conference the President dragged out another set speech, the one he uses whenever pressed for information on what he plans to do about the unemployment

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problem. He says on those occasions that he is going to put the problem up to a number of big industrialists. He contrives to leave the impression that he knows they have no answer and that, when they have confessed their lack, he is going to pull an ace out of his sleeve and solve the problem by governmental action. The recent visits to the White House, secret or open, of Messrs. Taylor, Teagle, Clayton, Young, *et al.*, were just some more conferences on the unemployment problem, Roosevelt informed his questioners, and most of them printed the thing just that way. It is easy to keep a straight face in print.

Against such a background of flim-flammery it is at least conceivable that the President would countenance some such dodge as the Jesse Jones gang are contriving for sidetracking the Wagner-Ellenbogen bill. It apparently is to be another one of those stimulus-to-private-building measures, involving a liberalization of the FHA easy-mortgage plan. Quaintly enough, while Roosevelt talks from the White House about the present impossibility of getting the cost of a decent house down to $2,500, the FHA a few blocks away keeps on issuing claims that its financing facilities are making just such houses available at $1,200. They are, of course, pleasantly painted cheese-boxes, and though the government-insured mortgages on them are to run twenty years, the houses themselves are good for only about five. Put a hundred of them together this year and by 1941 you'll have a slum. Or as the head of the FHA said at a recent meeting of the Administration's Central Housing Committee, "Will they last twenty years? Hell, no. You could turn the hose on any of them and wash them into the creek."

The fact that these monuments to the New Deal are being built with cheap, non-union labor, working in many cases for $2 to $3 a day, offers the country better assurance that the proposed double cross won't work than does the presence of a Roosevelt in the White House. There is an active, aggressive labor lobby behind the Wagner-Ellenbogen bill, and it will meet any attempt to substitute another FHA confection for that bill with a blow straight to the solar plexus of the jerry-builders behind it. They will threaten it with an amendment requiring that all construction under FHA-insured mortgages be done at union wage rates.

Labor and Social Security

EMIL RIEVE, who is president of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers and should be head of the United Textile Workers, has been picked as labor's member of the United States delegation to the International Labor Office meeting next month. As yet the appointment has not been made public, but it probably will be announced by the White House in a day or two, along with the full list of the delegation which is to sail May 20 under the leadership of John G. Winant, chairman of the Social Security Board. Frieda Miller of the New York State Department of Labor also is to be a government member.

Rieve's appointment would seem to be a credit to both the Administration and the A. F. of L., which sponsored it; ordinarily such berths are reserved for labor skates seeking a vacation at public expense and getting it because the federation's potentates are politically indebted to them. However, in this case the credit item needs a little qualification. Rieve did not get the job because he will fill it well. He got it for two other reasons. One was that the White House rebelled against adding another Republican to the list of labor delegates who have received its accolade and a travel allowance. The other reason was that Green and the other A. F. of L. leaders thought that by offering the post to Rieve they might lure him away from the C. I. O. Coefield of the plumbers and Ornburn of the tobacco workers, both Republicans, were the federation's initial nominees.

Incidentally, it is not entirely clear why Winant must be kept trekking to Geneva on errands of this kind. The Social Security Board cannot well spare him. It might be argued, of course, that the board's affairs can safely be intrusted for a month or two to A. J. Altmeyer and Frank Bane. But Winant as chairman must confirm their actions, and this otherwise quite admirable gentleman has one of those Fletcherizing intellects that require him to mull over every topic from every possible angle before reaching a decision. His normal inability to reach a decision on anything in less than a couple of months—some say ten—makes even a brief absence from his board duties regrettable. It might be noted in passing that the board, charged with enforcing a vague, fault-ridden, and labyrinthine law, is faced with a multiplicity of administrative-policy questions, some of which present grave problems in bureaucratic strategy. Among them is the problem of how to detach the United States Employment Service from the Department of Labor and attach it to the board, where it certainly belongs if this country is ever to have a decent unemployment-compensation system. At last report both W. Frank Persons, director of the Employment Service, and Secretary Perkins were determined that this realignment should not come to pass, although Miss Perkins, before she lost control of the social-security machine, had proclaimed her belief in the essential affinity between it and the public employment offices.

The Winant board also is being sweated by its efforts to keep state social-security legislation within the bounds of ordinary decency. It has agents scurrying all over the country on such missions. What keeps them on the hop is the effort of chambers of commerce and similar employer organizations to take advantage of the federal act's loopholes and slip through state legislatures old-age-pension and unemployment-compensation laws that are a little worse than nothing at all. These slippery efforts are not confined to local interests. Some of the national business interests are behind them. The man who keeps the board's combat troops working night and day is employed by Standard Oil to see that the various state legislatures pass social legislation to its taste. Members of the board's staff in charge of such things can hardly sleep at night for wondering where this gentleman will turn up next. Bad as they are, some of the social-insurance laws recently enacted by the states would have been much worse had the board's combat troops arrived too late.

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Waiting for Lewis

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

Canonsburg, Pennsylvania.

THE forces of evil are closing in on Mike Tighe. His tight little refuge, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, is slowly collapsing; it must eventually float down the broad river of industrial unionism to a sea of mass organization. The sixty-first convention of the union met in Canonsburg on April 28. A few days later the rank and file forced open its tightly closed doors to John Brophy of the United Mine Workers, and Mr. Brophy, against the will of the Amalgamated officials, explained to the delegates the offer of the C. I. O. (Committee for Industrial Organization) to contribute $500,000 for the organization of the steel industry, provided the campaign is along industrial lines and its leadership is such as to inspire confidence of success. After that a committee was appointed to study the proposal. The convention is temporarily not in session; the committee has gone to Washington to confer with President Green of the A. F. of L. and his executive council. The executive council will do what it can to save its craft-union skin. But it is difficult to see how the surge toward industrial unionism can be stopped.

In the country town of Canonsburg one is conscious of great issues being decided. Organize the steel industry and the whole course of labor history will be changed. From the beginning the tides of industrial unionism were rolling to the very doors of the convention, though Tighe and his lieutenants had taken every precaution to avoid the flood. The Amalgamated convention was held in Pittsburgh last year; it was removed this year to the safer conservative ground of Canonsburg, on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, where the union has one of its few strong locals. There is no decent hotel; the town is out of the beaten path of newspaper reporters. In contrast to the wide-open convention, 1,700 strong, of the United Mine Workers in Washington, the doors of the Canonsburg hall, where less than 100 steel delegates met, were ostentatiously locked and guarded by a doorman who looked dangerously like a bouncer. The threat of expulsion was held over the head of any delegate who revealed any of the proceedings. There were no accommodations for the press. At the close of the sessions we gathered along an iron railing before the hall. Between times we leaned against the telephone poles of Canonsburg's main street.

It was no accident that the most interesting people were outside; some of the future leaders of American labor took part in the telephone-pole caucuses. John Brophy of the C. I. O. came the first day and went away again; Charles Zimmerman of the International Garment Workers' Union, Ferdinand Bindel of the Federation of Flat Glass Workers, and James Carey of the United Electrical and Radio Workers, the latter two being "NRA unions" which have made and held phenomenal gains, were in and out of the town. Clarence Irwin, outstanding figure in the rank-and-file leadership in steel, was busier than Mike Tighe. They are a vigorous, experienced, confident group, radiating a sense of power that flows directly from the C. I. O. and its strong component groups.

An ancient buggy goes down the sunny street and in a chorus it is named the Amalgamated. A reporter admits his Newspaper Guild unit has not tried to get a contract, and Ferd Bindel, wiry, young, intelligent, gives him an earnest lecture on solidarity. As adjournment approaches, the crowd moves toward the hall. As we sit on the iron railing a steel worker just out of the mill comes to see what his union convention is doing. He is covered from head to foot with dark glistening steel dust. His face is shadowed with it; his shiny tin lunch bucket is the high light in this living portrait of a steel worker. At the same time a newcomer approaches. He is an old man of huge frame but feeble in his steps. He peers with apparent effort through horn-rimmed spectacles, and his hat is planted firmly over them to keep out as much light as possible. He carries a battered suitcase and an overcoat. He goes to the bolted door and knocks. After a few words with the doorman and a fumbling of papers, he turns back and the door is locked once more. Mere members are not admitted. He joins the group and immediately gets into an argument with the steel worker, who has just delivered a little speech on one big union. It is a good speech. "When a war breaks out," he says, "the whole country's in it. Florida's in it and so is Washington—that's 4,000 miles away. It's the same thing with a union. We've got to have one big union." The Old Guard protests; he points a long and aged finger. "That's wrong," he says with moral fervor. "Unions are bad when they get too big." There are hoots from the audience on the railing, but he continues. "Why, even the United States Steel has found out that it's a bad thing to get too big." "I suppose," comes somebody's answer, "that's why U. S. Steel keeps buying new properties." The Old Guard is beaten and moves off in disgust.

As usual, there was no news from the inside except what was bootlegged. There had been a test vote on a move to invite a member of the C. I. O. to come and address the delegates. The vote had been forty-two to forty-three, with seven officials voting no. The tide was setting in. On Friday morning a delegation from the convention of the State Federation of Labor in session at Uniontown arrived at Canonsburg carrying fraternal greetings to the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers. By a strange coincidence the delegation included John Brophy of the United Mine Workers and Pat Fagan of the

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same organization. Tighe did his best to keep out these agents of Lewis bearing gifts. When the first messenger came to announce that the delegation waited outside, Mr. Tighe said that the convention could not interrupt its pressing business. When the second messenger came, the chair, under strong pressure from the floor, was forced to accept the greetings of the State Federation. Mr. Brophy no doubt delivered them in proper form. He also explained to the delegates the offer of the C. I. O.

Tighe himself will probably retire gracefully. There is nothing sinister about Michael Tighe. He is a pleasant old fellow of seventy-eight, proud of his horse-and-buggy virtues, distrustful of "reds." I talked to him after the second day's session. He was ruddy and cheerful in spite of a recent protracted illness. He told me proudly that the Amalgamated had 12,000 members—another estimate is 7,000; when I asked how about the other hundreds of thousands who work in steel, he answered in fatherly tones: "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." But he preferred to talk of other things. He told me of his wife, "the sweetest little German-descent woman" who weighs less than a hundred pounds and doesn't like the way the newspapers talk about Mr. Tighe's age. He seemed to be revealing what he thought was the secret of his success when he asserted that he doesn't drink alcohol, use tobacco in any form, or run after fast women. I withdrew quietly after that. Mike Tighe is better left to his memories. He obviously has no regrets.

His official family, headed by Louis ("Shorty") Leonard, is another matter. They are neither sentimental nor old. They will fight to the last ditch.

Three years ago the Tighe stronghold was threatened by the forces that must now overwhelm it. Under the impetus of Section 7-a membership in the Amalgamated rose to 100,000. But Section 7-a went down under the concerted pressure of the Weirs, the Joneses and Laughlins, and United States Steel. And this collapse, combined with a militant lack of support and an open attack on the rank-and-file groups by the Amalgamated itself, soon reduced the lodges to a pathetic impotence. Today Mr. Tighe is proud of his 12,000 members. But the Weirton lodge, where 8,777 out of 11,000 workers were members, did not even send a delegate to Canonsburg; the delegate from Aliquippa, Albert Attalah, who has kept that lodge alive against tremendous odds of discrimination and espionage, instead of being rewarded for his fight was admitted only over the strong resistance of the Old Guard. Today in the beleaguered steel towns the bitterness against "the company" is almost matched by the hatred of the union officialdom which has run out on lodge after lodge and left the most active members to the stool-pigeons and the bosses. Most of these local leaders have been fired; some of them have sold out or turned defeatist. The Amalgamated has much to answer for in somber company towns where company houses and banks and stores are painted with company smoke, and the light of trade unionism flared brightly for the first time in 1933.

What that light meant to thousands in steel can scarcely be exaggerated. The exploits of 1933 and 1934—the meetings, the parades, the strikes, the minor victories over the company, the little bursts of public freedom—these are legends fondly rehearsed and dwelt upon. The significance of that brief interlude of union strength is perhaps best indicated by the reiterated assurance in town after town that in spite of the NRA fiasco, the terrorism of the companies, and the desertion of the Amalgamated, a bona fide campaign with guaranteed support will sweep the industry. The workers are extremely wary. They have learned much since 1933. They will have nothing to do with a movement dominated by Tighe; over and over again that point was driven home. They know the power of the company over courts and judges charged with enforcing the best-intentioned laws. The only agency they look to with hope is the Committee for Industrial Organization.

One descends into Weirton, West Virginia, as into some desolate lower region, through a series of ravines. The first sign of the town is a row of stacks, some of them pouring out smoke reddened by melting iron ore. At the last turn in the road the town is revealed lying in a final depth and spreading up two steep hills. "The mill" is the thing. It covers a large area, and two strands of barbed wire top its high fence. It is an impressive symbol of industrial power. From this central point the town goes out in rows of drab houses, most of them built to a single pattern not bad in itself but monotonous in its endless repetition. Away from the main streets the roads are unpaved.

In one of the houses I learned from a steel worker what life is like in a company town, and of the tempering fires that are welding fighters for a strong union. Weirton has 27,000 inhabitants but no local government. Weirton is run by the county, which is in turn run by the company. For the most part the company does not own the houses in Weirton, that is, not directly. A few years ago, just before the bottom dropped out of the real-estate market, in a burst of magnanimity it offered its workers bargains in houses. Prices for the seven- or eight-room dwellings ranged as high as $8,000. Many a worker used his savings to make a payment of $1,000 or $2,000. The remaining debt he assumed in the form of a mortgage held by one of the local banks. The relation of the company to the banks of Weirton can easily be surmised, even though one of them is named the People's Bank. Some of the houses changed hands as many as ten times, to the benefit of no one but the mortgage holder. The rent for one of these houses set in a desolate town in the wilds of West Virginia is $45 or $55 a month. The occupant must furnish his own heat; he must also pay as much as $25 a year for water; he must also do his own papering and painting.

As for the atmosphere in which the steel worker and his family live, it is a sinister mixture of company smoke and espionage. Half a dozen times during that afternoon, whenever there was a knock at the door, there came a sign to lower voices or talk of something general. The people next door are company people; sometimes one finds that one has rented the upstairs rooms to company people who can't be turned out as long as they pay their rent "steady." The necessity to be on guard against "the rat" even in one's home—that is a force that works continuously in Weirton.

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The wage for common labor in Weirton begins at $3.20 a day. The rate for highly skilled workers is much higher, but their average earnings are not high and their numbers are limited. During the strike of 1933 "whoopies" from the West Virginia hills were imported to break it. When they lined up at the company employment office, "you'd a thought there was a squirrel hunt." Now that the union is dead the "whoopies" are losing their jobs, and the old skilled men are being taken back. Meanwhile technological improvement is taking a heavy toll.

The control of the company over local politics need hardly be emphasized. This year a rank-and-file man was running for constable. In his honor the company ruled that there was to be no campaigning in the mill, but not long afterward a company candidate was allowed to go through unhampered. "The best way," said the steel worker in Weirton, "is to see which one they want you to vote for and then vote for the one that's running against him." The labels of Democrat and Republican of course mean nothing. The press? In 1933, according to the proud story, the union cut down the circulation of the Weirton *News* 80 per cent and kept out the advertising of the independent stores. The *News* has never quite recovered. It is such triumphs as these, never forgotten, that keep the union spirit alive. "The labor spirit is strong," said the man in Weirton. "Mike Tighe couldn't get nowhere if he brought in $2,000,000, but they'll go with the C. I. O."

The Aliquippa fortress of Jones and Laughlin lies a few miles down the Ohio from Pittsburgh. It extends for three miles along the river and behind its massive barrier lies the blackened town. Aliquippa is a "planned" community—its sections are still called by the numbers given them when the place was laid out. For instance, the superintendents and other officials live in Plan 6. Plan 12 is occupied by mere workers. The highest hill is called McDonald Heights, a dreary unpaved district of company houses. Nevertheless, McDonald Heights is a restricted residential section; no Negroes are allowed there. They live instead in the lower "plans," which are equally unpaved, equally desolate.

Stool-pigeons are rife in Aliquippa. Suspicion is in the very air. Again and again they were pointed out with a dropping of voices and a significant glance. "There's one. He turned after twenty years. His wife left him. She said she wouldn't live with no rat." A silent but open warfare goes on between union men and the stools. They know one another; they have lived in the same small town for ten, fifteen, twenty years. As one of the company men put it to an organizer. "You're here to organize; I'm here to disorganize." In times of stress espionage grows more subtle.

Jones and Laughlin has been one of the National Labor Relations Board's most recalcitrant clients. The victims are workers whose only crime is the determination to live decently. Take Domenic Brandy, Italian. He worked twenty-five years for Jones and Laughlin, and then was fired for not washing coal right! Domenic's name is on the list of World War veterans on the front of the Aliquippa post office. Domenic can't quite believe he's out. Angelo Volpe is an Italian known for his gaiety. He was an officer of the union in Aliquippa. First he was fired from the mill. Then he was fired from his WPA job. His wife and daughter are sick. As for Albert Attalah, president of the lodge, he hasn't worked since September. He hasn't exactly been fired. He stopped work in September because of a severe illness. His case is being "investigated."

In Aliquippa the Amalgamated at least still has an office. At the height of the "movement," as they call it almost with religious fervor, the lodge had 6,200 members. Its officers and members, left high and dry by the Amalgamated, have been fired or discriminated against or intimidated. But persecution has only made more clear the need for complete unionization; and the great days of 1934 when Aliquippa was "opened" for the first time gave them a taste of independence and cooperation they cannot forget.

At Homestead, one link in the long chain of United States Steel forts that line the Monongahela for miles, it is the same story. The lodge that was formed there, "The Spirit of 1892," is disbanded. The new fight will be tough because, as one man put it, "this is a community of scabs whose ancestors were scabs imported by Frick." But the sons of scabs are learning—while the sons of the strikers of 1892 cherish their memory. Even in the company union the men are doing their bit. I heard that one of them in a speech at the annual conference had dared to speak of the increase in earnings. "Gentlemen," he said, "I mean corporation earnings, for whoever heard of a laborer's earnings? Incidentally, I averaged not over $50 per month in the year 1935." He went on to recite the earnings of some of the corporations during the same period—to the intense discomfort of the company representatives.

The steel workers are voting for Roosevelt, despite the failure of 7-a—for that they blame the Supreme Court and the companies. And in many cases the shift to the Democratic rolls represents a significant rebellion. In one steel town the workers had for years been automatically registered by the company as Republicans. To register Democratic meant an extra effort, since they had to do it themselves, and a genuine revolt since it was anti-company. One of the curious results was the discovery that many of them were not full citizens and therefore not entitled to vote. Many a veteran steel worker, proud of his Americanism, was deeply hurt to find after fifteen or twenty years of voting Republican that he was not a citizen.

Though Roosevelt will get the vote this year, talk of a Farmer-Labor Party is met with in every town—but in local terms and usually as something which must wait on industrial organization. At Weirton one intelligent worker was obviously speaking out of his union experience of 1933 and 1934. "There shouldn't be a third party this year," he said. "We've got to wait till we can put up a real fight." At Canonsburg Ferd Bindel said that to go into politics now would be to "burn our candle at both ends."

The steel towns around Pittsburgh are waiting for Lewis. Albert Attalah, for one, will go back from the convention to the dismal streets of Aliquippa full of an overpowering hope. "Next year," he told me, "or the year after, that convention will be so big three halls won't hold it!"

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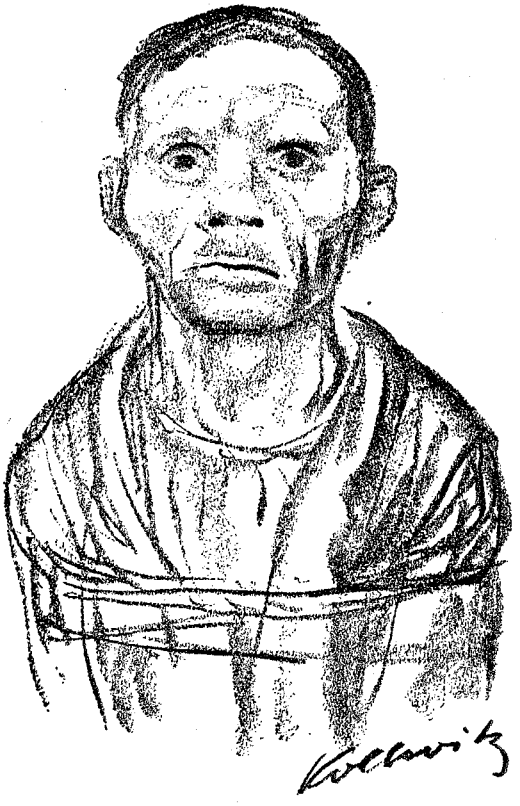
AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

A Selection of Drawings from the International Exhibition Arranged by the American Artists' Congress

Behind the News *by Hugo Gellert, American*



Prisoner *by Käthe Kollwitz, German*

Exodus from Dixie *by Robert Minor, American*

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On the Way! *by George Grosz, American*

Death's Head *by José Posada, Mexican*

The Church *by Frans Masereel, Belgian*

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Mr. Lunkhead the Banker

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

I RECENTLY met Mr. Lunkhead, the banker. He comes from one of the best banking families in the state of New York. And there is one achievement in his life of which he is proud. It is the great victory of his career. He tells you of it with a voice that oozes self-satisfaction. He says to you that you do not know how old he is. You guess, and say, oh, thirty-eight, forty, forty-two. He smiles, shakes his head negatively, and then he tells you that he is fifty-six. In other words, the one accomplishment in Mr. Lunkhead's life is that he has reached the age of fifty-six without looking his age. There is no gray on his large head. There are few lines in his face. There are no marks of profound or bitter experience. It is a well-preserved face, pickled by good living and moderation. He can enter a room full of people, standing straight and erect, and smile quietly to himself with the realization that they do not know how old he is, and when he tells them, they will express amazement, and he can then tell them how he has managed to attain fifty-six years of life without looking his age.

For there is a philosophy behind Mr. Lunkhead's remarkable achievement. He expresses it for one concisely and with simplicity. You are as young as you feel you are. You are as youthful as you think you are. And you must take all things in moderation, and never do too much of anything.

There is another interesting feature to the personality of Mr. Lunkhead. He does not put upon one the burden of conversation. He is perfectly willing to talk, and to allow you to listen. All that you have to do is to prod him with a question now and then. Thus, you can ask him, "Mr. Lunkhead, what departments of human culture are you interested in?" He will tell you. He will say, well, he likes to read books. Yes, he says, he reads six or a dozen books a year. He reads them all in June. Why June? That requires explanation, but Mr. Lunkhead possesses a great willingness to explain so long as he is explaining about himself. In June he goes on his vacation to Montana. He roughs it in the morning. After lunch he lies down and he sleeps and reads, and he manages to read six or a dozen books. Only these last two years he has had great difficulty in reading that many books in June on his vacation. You ask him why? Well, he brought along a radio on his vacation these last two years. And the only time he has a chance to listen to his radio is in the afternoon, because he roughs it in the morning, and he looks at the stars and listens to cowboy songs in the evening. And so the radio interferes with the six books a year that he reads in the month of June in Montana, where he goes to vacation and rough it. Because, you know, he will tell you, he likes to get Tokyo and Berlin and South America on the radio, and he gets a real kick out of that, and so it is harder these last years for him to read six books a year than it used to be before he took a radio along, when in the month of June he goes to Montana to have a vacation. And then you ask him what books he reads? Well, he reads whatever books his friends say are good. He always waits until his friends say they have read such and such a book, and then he waits until the next June, and then when he goes to Montana, because you know he likes to rough it and have a vacation away from the city, why he reads the book, if the radio does not interfere with his reading, and if the book is good, why then, when that friend says that another book is good, he waits until next June, and he buys it, and when he goes to Montana, why then he reads that book if the radio does not interfere with his reading when he lies down in the afternoon.

Mr. Lunkhead is what is called a he-man. He likes he-man hobbies, and he-man sports, and he looks like a he-man. So he likes to ask a question. What are your hobbies? He is actually not interested in your hobbies. The question merely permits him to tell you of his hobbies. And he has one favorite hobby. He says, well, and then he pauses, and there is a very slight noise in his throat, well, his favorite hobby is old clothes. He likes to wear old clothes. You tell him that old clothes are your favorite necessity, and he says, yes, it is great fun to get out into the open and to put on old clothes and be natural.

He has a philosophical bent, and so he likes to ask questions like what makes a person tick. He will, say, see an attractive young woman, and he will say to her that he wonders what makes her tick. He smiles condescendingly at her, he tells her that he is fifty-six years of age, and that the secret of his success in not looking his years is that he does everything in moderation, and that a person is as young as he looks and as youthful as he thinks he is, and if he never does anything to excess, why there is no reason that he should not reach the age of fifty-six without looking it. And so he wonders what makes a young girl tick.

And then one might ask him what he does all day when he is not in Montana wearing old clothes. And he will say, well, he got up in the morning and he ate breakfast and he looked at the newspaper. And then he came in from Long Island in a motor boat. And he went to his office. And he had a pile of mail on his desk. But he did not read it. "But why, Mr. Lunkhead, didn't you read your mail?" Well, he has a theory about not reading your mail in the morning. There might be some bad news in it, and bad news can always wait a day or two. So he only reads his mail after it is two or three days old, because then, one may assume, the bad news will not be quite so bad. And then he had conferences. There were perhaps some people who wanted his bank to sink some money in the purchase of a golf course. Well, that did not seem a good investment,

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so he was thumbs down on that. And there were some more conferences. And there was lunch. He had lunch in his office, just a sandwich, because he believes in moderation, he says. And then there was another conference. And a friend called him up. He knew what the friend wanted. He wanted to borrow some money. So he invited the friend and the friend's wife to supper. And then he had an engagement for tea with a charming young lady, and they talked about the philosophy of life, which undoubtedly meant old clothes, moderation, and how to become fifty-six years old without looking your age. And then he had supper with the friend, and since the friend's wife was along, the friend was too sensitive to try and borrow some money. And so another day passed into eternity, and Mr. Lunkhead, the banker, traveled on from the age of fifty-six to the age of fifty-seven without looking his years.

Can Italy Make Peace with Europe?

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Rome, April 24

ALTHOUGH Italy is winning the Abyssinian war, the future is shrouded in uncertainty. Defeat would have been disastrous. But victory raises problems no less fateful. When the last Abyssinian town is taken, only the first stage will have ended. Then another and perhaps bigger show begins.

Italians are at once very confident and somewhat nervous. The unexpectedly rapid advance of their East African armies has exhilarated them. The rise in living costs resulting from sanctions is partially offset by increased employment. It hardly affects the bourgeoisie, and is borne in silence, except for occasional murmurs of unrest in Spezia, Milan, Turin, and Genoa, by the masses, to whom two shots of propaganda in the arm seem to be worth another hole in the belt. This is not the situation that need worry Mussolini at present. The chief difficulty lies in the field of foreign affairs. But the war has also brought to a head the question of the internal structure of the Fascist regime.

It may be more complicated for Italy to make peace than it has been to make war. If Mussolini carries out his original intention to crown a puppet emperor in Abyssinia, will this new King of Kings obtain international recognition? What will the League of Nations say? To accept Rome's appointee means to bless Italian aggression. Certain Italians, therefore, contemplate an Italian mandate for Abyssinia. But can one member of the League become the mandated territory, that is, in effect, the colony of another? Or did Geneva's Committee of Five in the summer of 1935 envisage foreign control over Ethiopia?

This is the formal side. What Italians really fear is that England has a far-flung plan to weaken them in Europe and rob them of their spoils in Africa. They do not take seriously the prospect of closing the Suez Canal. "We will march out through the Sudan and Egypt," one Fascist said to me lightly. But they talk so much about "empires come and empires go and now Britain's day is done," of India's sympathy for Italy, and of the Italian threat to England's Mediterranean position that they have not only convinced themselves; they think the British government is also convinced and has decided to take up the challenge. While the statements of responsible officials are either significantly pacifist or strikingly non-committal, other Italians seek to fit the little British loan to Abyssinia, Mr. Eden's insistence on the continuance of existing sanctions, the sentiment in England for further sanctions, and certain acts of British diplomacy into their idea of the looming struggle between two empires, one already decadent, the other a reincarnation, though still in swaddling clothes, of ancient Rome.

"What has Sir Austen Chamberlain been doing in Vienna and Prague?" some Italians ask in this connection. The Italian government has made diplomatic inquiries. No doubt the visit was private, and Sir Austen is too moderate and wise to do anything. He may merely have been ascertaining what might be done by others. A few things are clear: in Vienna and even more in Prague there is a desire for closer relations with Great Britain. Prague, in addition, wants closer relations with Vienna. Both these objects could best be achieved by making the Austrian government more democratic. A broadening of the popular base of the Austrian state would give it the power to resist German fascism and be independent of Italian fascism. In the summer of 1933 the Czechs had practically arranged with Dollfuss to do this by coopting the right Socialists, but when the little Chancellor saw Mussolini in Riccione in August he changed his mind. The February, 1934, bombardment of the Vienna Socialists, which was provoked, it is said, by Mussolini's agent Morreale, apparently finished this possibility forever. The Czechs nevertheless kept a friendly eye on certain Austrian Socialists. Yet when Mussolini's mobilization on the Brenner checked the anti-Dollfuss Nazi putsch in July, 1934, Prague was impressed. Here was ample protection against German aggression. The Mussolini-Laval agreement of January 7, 1935, further strengthened the ties between Czecho-Slovakia and Italy, for it was understood then that Rome would put a brake on Hungarian revisionism—a movement which of course especially threatens Czecho-Slovakia. The result was that Herr Gömbös, the Hungarian Premier, slipped more frequently into Germany's embraces. Poland, being anti-Czech for the moment, pulled Hungary in the same direction. This made Prague all the more pro-Italian. Indeed, a few Czech statesmen, their sincere loyalty to the League of Nations notwithstanding, regretted the failure of the Hoare-Laval scheme.

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They wanted an Italy relieved of difficulties in Africa and free to defend Austria.

Mussolini is extremely sensitive to Italy's role in Europe. Several of his most intimate coworkers urged him to leave the League when sanctions were imposed, but he refused because no European power can be strong overseas if it is ignored just beyond its borders. For the same reason, in fact, Mussolini has a much larger home army today than he had when the East African adventure commenced. After the remilitarization of the Rhineland the German threat to Austria began to receive greater attention. Perhaps the next German push would affect Czecho-Slovakia and Austria. This prospect must necessarily expose them to salvation by Mussolini—unless England, and possibly France and Russia too, offered some alternative. Was Sir Austen looking into this problem? Here the old formula recurs—democratization of Austria. The Vatican has an excellent auditory system, and I learn in Vatican quarters that on consultation most Austrian political leaders favored the introduction of new blood into the Cabinet. The exception was Prince Starhemberg; he objected. Starhemberg is a devoted disciple of Mussolini. Hence, it may be, the rumors of a coup d'état by his Heimwehr. Such an act would hope to achieve the same end as the artillery demolition of the Socialist homes in Vienna in February, 1934.

This is the situation, and Italians assume that Sir Austen Chamberlain's conversations are calculated ultimately to prejudice it against Italy. Similarly Italians contrive to discern in almost every international complex the hand of Britain working in devious but unalterably anti-Italian ways. Thus the soft answer which Downing Street returned to the Turkish request for remilitarization of the straits was interpreted as a bid for Ataturk's collaboration with England against Italy in the eastern Mediterranean. Rome was clearly irritated by the cold shoulder Italy got from Eden at the Locarno discussions in Geneva. But if one accepts this thesis of ubiquitous British wire-pulling to the detriment of Italy, there is rich evidence of similar Roman tactics—which only makes matters worse. After Hitler's scrapping of Locarno, Italy tried to draw France away from England, and Mussolini has sought to persuade a number of other Continental nations that Great Britain is too pro-German to be an important contributor to European peace. At the same time, however, Il Duce himself does not neglect his own German card. To assure Italy a guaranteed part in the affairs of Europe Mussolini holds fast to his beloved four-power pact, which would shelve the League, give Germany a free hand in the East, and exalt the revisionism of Rome and Berlin. How they could recarve the map without also cutting each other's throats is a minor mystery.

While the battlefield is thus being laid out for the struggle of the imperial colossi, the immediate problem is sanctions. Is it a feature of Britain's scheme to prolong this slow leech-like process of sucking Italy dry of gold so as to paralyze Roman efforts in Africa and Europe? In five months, experts aver, Italy's gold and foreign-currency assets will be gone. Let us say they err by three or four months. But obviously if Italy cannot export while it can and does import it must reach bottom some day. It is not a rich country. It seems inconceivable to Italians that sanctions will be prolonged after their Abyssinian victory is complete. Then, to replenish their emptied coffers—later, perhaps, to exploit Abyssinia economically—they will receive a loan from France. They have already asked for this loan. French bankers, I am told on very good authority, thereupon consulted the London City, which smiled and whispered that Italy was a bad investment. Italians nevertheless hope. Surely France would rather lose some money than a potential ally against Germany.

Sanctions, Rome thinks, will make Italy economically self-sufficient. Edmondo Rossoni, Minister of Agriculture and Forests, showed me many samples of substitute textiles. They looked all right, but who can tell how long they will last or what a rain would do to them. On the streets one sees everywhere a poster showing a turkey and a rabbit eating leaves of lettuce which form the letters of the word "Sanctions." Turkey and rabbit, then, are expected to provide Italy with new food resources. I am rather ignorant about turkeys, but I do know that rabbits are anti-Bolshevik. During the first Five-Year Plan the Russians started breeding rabbits to make up for the heavy losses of livestock caused by mistaken collectivization methods. Posters showed how two rabbits soon became eight, and eight sixty-four, and before long they would replenish the Soviet earth. But it transpired that they refused to breed in Five-Year Plan tempo. Maybe rabbits are also anti-Fascist.

Undoubtedly the tendency toward autarchy now forced upon Italy by sanctions will liberate it from a certain amount of dependence on foreign supply; the human mind is resourceful. But these means are costly and insufficient, and they are no solution. Certain well-known concomitants of inflation are already manifest in Italy. Industrial output is up. There is consequently more money in circulation. But the armament industries are turning out lethal weapons at the expense of consumption goods. There may soon be a plethora of lire and a shortage of commodities. A flight from the lira is noticeable now.

Inflation in itself may be good or bad depending on many factors. In Italy it is likely to aggravate a situation which antedated the Abyssinian war and perhaps caused it. For this reason, probably, Rossoni, who refused to agree with me in December that a thoroughgoing land reform might have obviated the war, now tells me that a land reform is soon to be effected. What kind he did not say. The war, it seems clear, will not relieve Italian national economy, will indeed encumber it and therefore hasten the changes it was designed to avert.

Fascists claim that revolution is proceeding under our very eyes. "Bolsheviks, Socialists?" a Cabinet minister exclaimed. "Why, they are all reactionaries. The Bolsheviks have made their peace with capitalism. We are the real revolutionaries."

"Are you anti-capitalist?" I asked.

"We are not anti-capitalist," he replied. "We are anti-capitalism."

"What does that mean?" I demanded.

I had my pencil point on the paper and wrote down his

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answer verbatim. "We will change the name of the capitalist and call him *Führer* as in Germany. We are like the Nazis in this matter." Nor could I get from him any clearer definition of the corporative state. He merely hinted at a reduced standard of living. "Italians," he declared, "don't need much. They are not like you." "I agree with the Catholics," he continued, "that you cannot have happiness on earth. Our synthetic cloth is not fine, but only half a million of our 44,000,000 inhabitants must have fine things."

Nevertheless, one must be fair to the Fascists. Many of them are sincerely convinced that they will establish a Socialist Italy. "A socialism with white gloves," one of them described it. The very people who suppress the Communists and Socialists affirm that they will themselves carry out the ideas of their victims. Or are the ideas different? Some capitalists, especially bankers, are subject to rigid control. "I cannot telephone to Paris without government permission," one complained. The long economic depression and the exigencies of war have weakened capitalism's resistance, and it cannot easily cope with an omnipotent, strident state. By helping semi-bankrupt enterprises the government has wriggled itself into a sort of partnership with many firms. But I have yet to hear of an industrialist or merchant or landlord who has lost his property. And this is the acid test.

Meanwhile Mussolini, with the precision that so characterizes this great statesman, has outlined exactly what he does and what he does not propose to do in the field of economics. "Fundamentally," Il Duce said, "this 'Plan of Economic Construction' is based on the assumption of an inevitable situation which will force this country into a war." When and why he would not disclose. Nevertheless, "the Fascist regime has no intention of nationalizing or, what is worse, bureaucratizing the entire economy of the nation. It will content itself with the control and regulation of the economy by means of the corporations." Concretely, "farming retains its private capitalistic character." Foreign trade will become "a direct or indirect function of the state," but domestic commerce "will not seriously change its physiognomy." Credit, that is, banking, has been "placed under the direct control of the state." Private artisans will not be interfered with; they will receive government aid. "Small and medium industries will continue in the orbit of individual initiative and responsibility, but be guided, thanks to corporative self-discipline, into national and social channels." On the other hand, "heavy industries, working directly or indirectly for national defense," would suffer nationalization. Mussolini explained why. "They have only one customer—the state." He said nothing about compensation or even about expropriation. Indeed, ownership may actually not be transferred. The state will "participate" in these giant munitions companies. "In some branches this may take the form of direct, elsewhere of indirect, management. In other branches it may take the form of effective control." All this would be accomplished "without haste, calmly, but with Fascist determination."

These innovations are far-reaching. It will be interesting to watch their actual operation. But anyone who has ever seen a Socialist country knows that it is still a far cry from Italian fascism to socialism.

MISSED THE BUS.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"WHILE Millions Cheer," Mussolini announces his victory. He has, he declares, conquered Ethiopia. Never was there a greater error. True, he has occupied Ethiopia, ravaged the country, bombed its cities, killed men, women, and children. He has burned out their lungs with his poison gas, destroyed them in their hospitals, tortured or murdered them wherever he could, whether they were in arms or not. Now he thinks he has triumphed and triumphantly tells the world his sadism is quenched, his blood-lust satisfied, his eagerness to rob and plunder assuaged, and his colonial ambitions achieved. He will look, he says, neither to Palestine nor to Egypt to murder and kill some more. Italy is now among "the satisfied powers." "We Italians," he tells the press, "belong no more to the dissatisfied proletariat." The victory "brings us to the other side of the barricade." His countrymen are no longer of the "have-nots"; they are of the "haves."

Vain, foolish, stupid man! Victor? No, vanquished. Vanquished by every count in the court of honor, of morals, of human decency. Today and for as long as history is written and men turn its pages the record will be there of Italy's shame and disgrace. Nothing can expunge it—no railroads, no brilliant feats of engineering, no Roman highways, no palatial hostels, no great public buildings, not even tens of thousands of contented Italian settlers or a large profit on the country's operation and exports. There are still some things no money and no success can atone for and no triumph erase. Chaotic as the world is, misled and betrayed as the peoples are by their leaders, there is still a majority of human beings who know that might does not make right, that the rapist, the robber, and the murderer, whether individuals or nations, are to be neither condoned nor admired but remain the enemies of society and of mankind. Victory? Why, the cost to Mussolini is just begun.

So has the cost to the rest of the world just begun. At this writing it is hardly thinkable that the League of Nations may rescue itself, or that the badly shattered British prestige may be restored. Both of these collapses are fraught with the most serious consequences to the rest of the world. If anyone has any doubt of that, let him read the rejoicings in Berlin that collective security has broken down. The very encouragement that Mussolini has given to Hitler may in turn cost him extremely dear, for when you are a dictator the hand that is for you one day is as readily against you the next. Mussolini's successful defiance of the League will embolden Hitler whenever he glances at Austria, and beyond Austria at the Italian Tyrol with its unhappy subjugated inhabitants of the oldest Germanic stock in Europe. Nor can anyone yet measure the effect upon the colored races everywhere of the smashing of the sole surviving independent country on the continent of Africa. It may not manifest itself openly for years, but wherever there are men of dark skins the sense of outrage and betrayal is intense. That glorious victory in Ethiopia is bound to have repercussions not only in Africa but in India and China as well. It does not suffice to reply that this sort of wickedness has gone on before and that white supremacy has not suffered. These are different times. There is a more alert world conscience and world public opinion than ever before—which is why Mussolini's excuse, that he was doing no more in Ethiopia than England had done all over the globe, availed him not at all—and there is a greater stirring among the colored peoples everywhere than has been recorded since the powerful nations undertook to supply their economic needs at the expense of the backward.

Victory? On the contrary it is another nail in the coffin of the whole colonial system of which Mussolini now believes Italy to be a permanent and triumphant part. There *are* economic inequalities in the world; it is unjust and wrong that some nations should profit because they hold lands in which nature has been especially bounteous with its gifts. But the way to deal with those inequalities, now so often referred to as the real "causes of war," is not by stealing others' land but by promptly working out a system by which, just as during the World War, the natural resources of the world will be pooled and distributed, not to the profit of imperialistic conquerors but to the just and equal benefit of all peoples. Victory? If to set one large section of humanity against another, if to inflame millions with the thought of vengeance, if to destroy men's faith that there is justice on earth and a just Providence above supervising human affairs, spells victory, why a few more such and the whole complexion of the world will change. What it all means is that Europe is in the grip of a tremendous revolution and that the Italian victory sends it farther along a path which the nations have never trod before.

This may be for the future. Today the simple fact is that outside of Italy Italian prestige has never stood so low. The flag of Italy has not been glorified or sanctified by the effectiveness of its planes, its tanks, its poison gas. It has been dragged in the mire. Wherever it flies there are black stains upon it which will never be eradicated. Whenever it is shown among men and women who reverence honor and decency, justice and the brotherhood of man, it will appear as a symbol of wickedness, of the wholesale slaughter of innocent and unoffending people, whose sole fault was that they were weak and possessed much territory.

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BROUN'S PAGE

THE judges who functioned at Churchill Downs are not like their distant cousins of the Supreme Court in Washington. The stewards of the might and majesty of old Kentucky are loose constructionists. They allowed the number of Bold Venture to go up as winner of the Derby and permitted it to stand as official. A wreath of roses was hung around the neck of little Ira Hanford, and it was not until he returned to the jockeys' room that he learned he had been set down for fifteen days "for rough riding in the sixth race."

Still it was something like the ruling of the high bench in the gold-purchase case. After the manner of Chief Justice Hughes and his friends, the stewards said, "It would make too much of a mess to change the result, but don't do it again." Ira Hanford is the first apprentice ever to win the Kentucky Derby, and if rough riding helped him to gain the most coveted prize the American turf affords he is hardly likely to sulk over a fifteen days' suspension. Nor is it likely to prove an awful lesson. Indeed, when friends asked the youngster what he would do with his fifteen days of enforced idleness he answered, "I guess I'll just hang around the stable and feed sugar to that horse."

The judges were right, I think, in rendering an illogical decision. It was a verdict based upon circumstance and upon emotional need. The nine old men ought to make an annual pilgrimage to the Kentucky Derby, and Chief Justice Hughes might learn much if he could arrange to get himself invited to watch the race from the judges' stand. As the horses flash by at the end of the long stretch, those in authority must decide the false and true without the benefit of hesitation. These judges cannot say "perhaps," "maybe," or "we lack jurisdiction." When they have spoken there should be only one interpretation.

Fourteen horses went to the post, but twelve were beaten off and just two came roaring down the stretch together. And in that duel it was Hanford against Wayne Wright. No writer of popular fiction could have more perfectly arranged the circumstances. Hanford will not be a full-fledged jockey until July 25. In handicaps he still gets his "bug" allowance of five pounds because he is an "inexperienced" or apprentice jockey. Wayne Wright is generally regarded as the roughest and the most successful of American riders.

But it was the boy with the "bug" who put up the better finish. His horse was on the rail and yet he purposely bore out a little because Wright whips with his left hand and Hanford wished to cramp him. At the head of the stretch both went to the bat, but in the last sixteenth the apprentice gave Bold Venture only a hand ride. The photographs show the horses heads apart at the finish line, but when Hanford spoke over the microphone just after the race he said that it didn't seem to him to be so very close. "I knew I had plenty of horse left under me," he confided.

Hanford's brother Buddy was killed in a race at Pimlico a few years ago, and he himself was banged against the rail in Maryland two weeks before the Derby and rode with a wrenched knee. But he gave the horse so aptly named Bold Venture a swaggering ride from start to finish, and when they asked him, "Was this the first Derby you ever won?" he answered, "Sure, it's the first I ever rode in."

Horses, so I am told, are stupid, but Maxie Hirsch, the trainer, does not go entirely on that principle. I first met Bold Venture about half-past five one morning at Saratoga. Hirsch was schooling him in the uses of a starting gate. Bold Venture insisted upon kicking at the padded sides of the stall and rearing up on his hind legs. Maxie walked to the horse's head but he never touched the bridle. He began to talk to Bold Venture with great earnestness. With complete unconsciousness he said, "What's the matter with you? You're two years old; haven't you got any sense at all?"

It would be an exaggeration, although I wouldn't put it past him, to say that Bold Venture hung his head in shame. But he did stop prancing. Hirsch walked ten or twelve feet away from the stall gate and said, "Now come out slowly." The horse walked to him almost like a pretty well-trained dog. "Now go back," said Hirsch, "back into the stall," and he waved at him with one hand. Bold Venture backed into his stall.

You could have knocked me over with a selling plater. I had an uneasy feeling that I was watching black magic and that if Hirsch had said, "Go over to my cottage and chew Walter Lippmann's column out of the paper," the horse would have gladly done so. And that would have been unfortunate because I do not think the average Lippmann column would agree with a horse called Bold Venture. Coldstream, which finished fourth, perhaps could take it.

Racing has been called the sport of kings, but I think it's too good for them, and I am told that they have horse races in the Soviet Union. I'm glad to hear that because it is too fine a sport to be dropped the minute the revolution comes. Maybe the Russians would think some of our Derby customs are funny. For instance, after Bold Venture had won, a very pleasant man named Morton L. Schwartz went up into the judges' stand and received a gold cup. Until then Mr. Schwartz had taken no part in the race. He is merely the owner who pays for the oats.

Still, that would make a pretty deep impression on Chief Justice Hughes and his friends now that I have them up there in the judges' stand. Whatever are they doing there? Why now I remember. I always knew I had something against Charles Evans Hughes in addition to his Supreme Court decisions. It all comes back to me. He was the man who undertook to kill racing more than twenty years ago. Seventy thousand people saw the Derby.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

127,000,000 POETS, or THE MUSE'S GUINEA PIGS

BY BEN BELITT

IT HAS never been determined whether Plato denied the poets a place in his Republic because he distrusted them as citizens, or because, being a poet himself, he foresaw that they would one day feel the need of getting their verses into print. Either predicament is distressing, but the latter alone is insoluble. The state is, in theory at least, capable of restraining its undesirable citizens, but it has so far failed to devise any punitive or persuasive means of curtailing its undesirable poets. We are, according to the best statistical advices, a nation of poets. Only a few years ago John Masefield, during one of his infrequent visits to this country, was moved to remark that here in America we were all either reading verse or writing it. What Mr. Masefield failed to notice was the matter of proportion: if, for example, one half would content itself with reading and the other half with writing, we should be well in sight of the realms of gold. The source of discomfiture lies in the fact that America's 127,000,000 poets are demanding representation all at once.

The situation is not without its political hazards. Should the poets, as some have suggested, see fit to draw up an ultimatum for equal rights under the Constitution as artists as well as citizens, they would have nothing to lose but their end-rhymes. Happily, this trying eventuality has for the moment been averted by certain of our more public-spirited publishers—about whom more later—who have seen the extraordinary good sense of providing for all poets, of whatever race, creed, years, or party persuasion, equal opportunity of appearing between boards. Their medium is the anthology, or, in the more fashionable parlance, the omnibus, in which the occupant generally pays as he enters and is, as the phrase goes, taken for a ride.

Such anthologies are by no means indigenous American institutions. Laura Riding and Robert Graves published in 1928 a joint and seemingly definitive "Pamphlet Against Anthologies," in which the technique of such enterprises in England as well as America was considered from every conceivable angle. The subscription anthology, about which we are here concerned, is cited somewhat casually under Section VIII, Anthologies and the Living Poet; "It is," remark the authors, "a simple, money-making matter, cleverly exploiting the inexperience and ambition of young and old fools of both sexes who have read too many anthologies and are thrilled at any prospect of seeing their own work in print." There follows a helpful study of the gestation of such anthologies, which differs not at all from that customary in our own country. The important word, however, and the trade epithet by which publishers of this order have come to be designated in America, has been curiously overlooked. The word is not, as the authors seem to believe, "inexperience," for the same names fill the same anthologies yearly, nor is it "ambition," since they must all come to understand, eventually, the futility of their position; it is *vanity*.

The word is indispensable, since it connotes at once an explanation, a technique, and a certainty of benefits to come. It supplies the victim, suggests the approach, pays the bills, and furnishes the publisher with the only weapon which he may with certainty count upon. The Adastra Publications, for example, will cordially invite a long roster of versifying housewives "to participate in the Adastra Poetry Prize Awards Contest": $400 in prizes is to be given away, including $50 in cash, $200 of "autographed poetical works" by assorted anonymities, and oil paintings by one Miss Brown. The contest, by the cheerful admission of the publishers, "is sponsored to secure additional meritorious material for inclusion in 'Calliope's Gifts,' a distinctive volume containing the work of prominent contemporary poets"; and, most significantly, "contestants are not obligated to purchase." There remains for the publisher, thus, a single constant in the midst of all these variables—the factor of vanity, which is, fortunately, sufficient for his purposes and will, as usual, supply the victim, suggest the approach, and market the volume as certainly as it attracted the contributor.

Henry Harrison, among practicing anthology-makers today, is easily the most prosperous figure, though it may be invidious to exclude entirely lesser competitors like the Galleon Press. The latter institution, however, anthologizes only once yearly—as far as the writer has been able to discover—and is thus relatively negligible. Mr. Harrison, on the other hand, has made a career of anthologizing, and further outdoes himself by issuing from time to time, in vertiginous succession, first volumes by such figures as Ruby Archer Gray, Vivian Yeiser Laramore, Mary Edgar Comstock, Edith L. Fraser, and Katharine Carasso (aged twelve). His role, thus, is properly that of absentee landlord rather than anthologist, and in this capacity he has been making, among other things, much history.

His most recent and ambitious volume, edited under the aegis of one Tooni Gordi, has been a compilation of the 1,311 chief "Contemporary American Women Poets," published recently after seventeen months "in preparation," with an "advance sale" of over 2,000 copies. A monument of editorial resourcefulness, it supersedes all previous ventures in the field by its stern prosecution of

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an ideal which Miss Gordi, for want of a gainfuller word, has let pass as "comprehensiveness," "inclusiveness." Miss Gordi is at some pains to explain that "our conception of a comprehensive anthology is to present, *with the design of inclusiveness,* the established and widely publicized poets, but primarily to make known the work of the newer, fresher, and less heard voices"; several, we learn, have "barely passed childhood" and certain of the "less heard voices" are making their "first flight into print through this volume." Page follows page, each marshaling two columns of type and each bursting with a plethora of sonnets, couplets, quatrains, blank verse, free verse, and prose proper. We have, for example, one votarist singing "western Utah's barren lands, By far Nevada's desert sands," and another whose "gypsy blood is restless, When summer's in the air," another who holds, "There ain't no poetry Like these middlin' hills," and a fourth who queries brightly, "Well, Doctah, how's you-all? I's feelin' mighty fine"; we have Browns, Taylors, Smiths, Joneses—but no Does. The Smiths, it should be put on record, outnumber the Joneses by a nine-to-five ratio.

The more redoubtable names, like Edna Millay, Louise Bogan, Marianne Moore, and others whose presence in such a volume is equally unaccountable are to be found only after the most exhausting scrutiny of a table of contents which falls nothing short of a telephone directory in "inclusiveness." We assume, since we are informed that no payment could be made for "acceptable manuscripts," that each of these poets has Mr. Harrison to thank for the opportunity of appearing side by side with the Misses Birdie Z. Morgan, Berenice B. Beggs, and Lulu E. McNab, the "fresher and less heard voices." And Mr. Harrison, whirling the vacuum of his anthology about the centrifugal pull of the more "widely publicized" names, doubtless has similar cause for gratitude.

It is, in the end, a patriotic duty which anthologists of this sort are accomplishing, hewn to the large democratic line of American life itself. From Maine to California, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, Mr. Harrison is canvassing the terrain state by state, scattering anthologies as he goes and celebrating in countless individual volumes, the flora and fauna, the fish, flesh, fowl, and good red herrings of the nation. His latest project, a companion volume to "Contemporary American Woman Poets" in which the 1,311 gentlemen poets of America will have their say, is to be edited by one Thomas Del Vecchio, whose first volume Mr. Harrison promises to issue along with "Contemporary American Men Poets." "The opportunity of little-known but gifted poets to achieve *immediate distinction* in this anthology is," Mr. Harrison feels, "inspiring and unequaled." He is likewise convinced that "the desirability of a companion volume" is both "obvious and inevitable." It is all of that. And it is no less inevitable that, having dispensed with the men and women severally, he will promptly move on to the infants, and eventually come to feel the desirability of another companion volume, a "U. S. Anthology" in which America's 127,000,000 poets will all "achieve immediate distinction" simultaneously. Then, until the appearance of "U. S. Anthology: Series Two," we may have a respite from anthologies.

BOOKS

Mr. Hearst's Linen

IMPERIAL HEARST. By Ferdinand Lundberg. New York: Equinox Cooperative Press. $2.75.

HEARST: LORD OF SAN SIMEON. By Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates. The Viking Press. $3.

IN New York City the other day the American Newspaper Publishers' Association devoted its reunion to the customary fetish rites and the annual obscene dance of the dead cats which it worships in the name of freedom of the press. The convention shouted bloody murder over the Black Senatorial committee's "prying" into Mr. Hearst's telegram to his editors, but not a sound, not an echo was heard of the Hearst organization's prying activities which drove the Lindbergh family out of America. For days attacks on individuals, groups, and organizations held hostile to the publishers—or their profits—filled the assembly halls, but all the publishers stuffed their noble ears against references to the violation of other peoples' rights by their paid—and underpaid—employees, and the association refused as usual to subject itself to the healing surgical weapon which it claims is the guardian of all that is fine in American social and political life—namely, criticism. The first enemy of a free press was never mentioned.

Only one faint voice disturbed the united singing of hymns of hate and paeans of self-praise. In between free-press resolutions and the report of the strike-breaking committee, which clearly again revealed the united publishers of America strongly biased against labor, Mr. Sulzberger of the New York *Times* declared that there was an easy assumption on the part of some publishers that they enjoyed certain privileges and immunities not vouchsafed to other citizens. He would not say that this indictment was valid, but he noted that a challenge was being made.

If Mr. Sulzberger is unaware that two publishers named Tammen and Bonfils committed a million-dollar blackmail with impunity, and that his own newspaper never retracted or apologized for the injustice done Bob La Follette, and that American publishers have committed ten thousand breaches of ethics if not of the peace, let him at least read the history of George Hearst and his melodramatic son, William Randolph, in these two new books, and he will not question the validity of his half-hearted indictment against "some publishers." These books constitute the most sensational indictment against a living American in our time.

Although many newspapermen will find things they already know repeated, and although there is a duplication of material of almost 50 per cent—with, however, different emphasis and interpretation—I am sure that the profession as well as the laity will be profoundly shocked and intensely interested by the almost unparalleled history of intrigue and hypocrisy which the two volumes relate. Mr. Lundberg scoops Messrs. Carlson and Bates in the chapter on the origins and significance of Chicago gang warfare, for me the most sensational of all the disclosures. As an employee of Mr. Hearst's rival I heard years ago of the notorious newspaper war, but only now do I learn from Mr. Lundberg that the fathers of modern racketeering, the sponsors of present-day gang warfare, were none other than the two rival publishers of Chicago. Mr. Lundberg tells how the first gangsters were employed, he describes the gun

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Foaming Jelly Double Tube with Bakelite Nozzle
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Cervical Cap
"Dutch" Pessary in Position
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battles in the streets, the murder of innocent bystanders as well as opposition gorillas, he gives the complete history of Colonel McCormick's two Annenbergs, now respectable millionaires who contribute to worthy charities, and he concludes a narrative of bloodshed and violence by alleging that Dion O'Bannion, at one time second to Al Capone in the criminal hall of infamy, was actually a Hearst employee.

Sufficient unto each book are the sensations therein: Mr. Lundberg announces he will omit references to his subject's private life, whereas Messrs. Carlson and Bates—rightly it seems to me—declare it, too, "will be treated frankly in the following pages in so far as it has affected his public life, his reputation, and his general development." The Carlson-Bates counter-scoop is especially interesting because it proves one thing definitely—that whereas no layman can protect his private life from the prying of the yellow press he can obtain complete privacy, no matter how "newsworthy" his actions, by becoming the publisher of a newspaper. It is the unwritten law of publishers that they may wash all the dirty linen of the world, including that of King Carol and Magda Lupescu—but exempt that of their own colleagues. (Freedom of the press?) The Hearst linen is pretty well displayed here.

It would take about five times the space I have to report adequately on these two volumes, and I cannot even list the most important episodes. The authors begin with a gaudy, rowdy picture of California in '49, they show George Hearst as the typical robber baron, they tell the story of yellow journalism, the Hearst part in the Spanish-American War, pro-Germanism in 1914, the Mexican forgeries of 1927, the Hitler episode of the other day, the present red-baiting campaign; they cover the political campaigns and analyze the Hearst business empire, but rarely if ever do they say a kind word for the common hero. "This is not to say that Hearst possesses no virtues," declares Professor Beard in the introduction to the Lundberg volume; "Nero and Caligula had virtues." Carlson and Bates attempt a psychological as well as social interpretation—which they share with Lundberg—finding megalomania, a Messianic complex, an overcompensation for inferiority, a tendency toward split personality. Each book has its faults of omission—they sometimes contradict each other, once in the spelling of names—but it would be foolish of me to enlarge on mistakes or make odious comparisons as it is my main intention to drive readers into the bookshops to buy both.

Significantly, the life of the subject is written with the keynote of death. Messrs. Carlson and Bates open with the line, "Before William Randolph Hearst shall pass into the limbo of forgotten things," and conclude with the epitaph, "Unknowingly all his life he has worked on behalf of death—the death of personal integrity, the death of decent journalism, the death of honest patriotism—and now ultimately death will take its own." Professor Beard's preface has Hearst standing "within the shadow that in due course enshrouds all mortals," and Mr. Lundberg's last paragraph recalls Hearst's age as seventy-three. Again both books have one conclusion in common: they agree that Hearst is the greatest enemy of a free press in America and that he is first among America's fascist menaces. In this agreement they will probably find all their readers also. But Mr. Hearst has arrived at his proper position—pretender to the throne of an American dictatorship—a little too late. Uppermost in his mind, as in those of his associate, Paul Block, his attorney, James Francis Neylan, and other candidates for the Hearst political inheritance, must be that one dread word which must never be mentioned in the presence of the lord of San Simeon—death. Life has played Mr. Hearst a very dirty trick.

GEORGE SELDES

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A Buddha of the Bayous

STRANGE GLORY. By L. H. Myers. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THIS book bears only a superficial resemblance to the series of novels which Mr. Myers is writing about a group of people in sixteenth-century India. The first three members of that series were collected last summer into a volume which made Mr. Myers seem suddenly to have become one of the best of contemporary novelists. And he still is that, for "The Root and the Flower" has lost nothing by the passage of the months. But "Strange Glory" will have no such life, and perhaps it should never have lived at all. It is "written" well, since Mr. Myers cannot be ungraceful; and it goes through the motions of being philosophical fiction. The resemblance ends there.

The reason for the failure of "Strange Glory" can scarcely be that Mr. Myers knows little or nothing about modern Louisiana, where the story is set. What could he "know" about sixteenth-century India? Yet it is true that even the landscape of "The Root and the Flower" lives on in a reader's imagination, as certain apparently irrelevant properties of a first-rate novel are likely to do; lives on, promising to produce out of itself, with or without Mr. Myers's help, any number of new human situations of the sort that have distinguished the narrative thus far. When a novel is alive it is perhaps all alive. At any rate my own memory of Mr. Myers's forests and plains and cities starts his people moving among them, entangling themselves in crises which are entirely natural to the scene. The scene of "Strange Glory" has no such power, nor have its people any such reality. And this, as I have said, can scarcely be accounted for on the theory that Mr. Myers has never lived in Louisiana, let alone the United States. For all I know he has spent more time in New Orleans than he has in London. It is merely that his imagination has failed to settle there; the result being that his people do not live there either, and that the metaphysics they talk is as thin as commercial buttermilk.

The paradox about philosophical fiction is that it cannot succeed without a great deal of body. There must be not only length; there must be a large, bony frame of events, there must be a veritable landscape, a palpable atmosphere. And there must be a horde of people. There must be something, in other words, for the mind to think about—a universe sufficient to carry the author's ideas if he is so fortunate as to have any in the form proper to fiction. He will have written his novel, indeed, in order to express his ideas, which could not have been expressed in any other way and which even now cannot be extracted from it for the same reason that the mind cannot be extracted from the body.

As the mind can be said to express the body, so the particulars of a novel—and only the particulars—contain its meaning. The meaning of "The Root and the Flower" was contained no less in the temperaments of its people than in their conversations, no less in the accidents than in the substance. And the India of the book was swarming with life—life capable of continuance no matter what one of the heroes thought or said about it. It is a far fall, then, to this attenuated bayou-land where Wentworth the Englishman lives in his little shack and ruminates about the earth-spirit. He has little glades where he goes to brood, and there is a log on which he sits while he stares uncommunicatively at the heroine, Paulina. But his thoughts, like hers and like those of Stephen the Communist, are pallid from disconnection with any sensible world. They are wilted flowers in a vase which no one has supplied with

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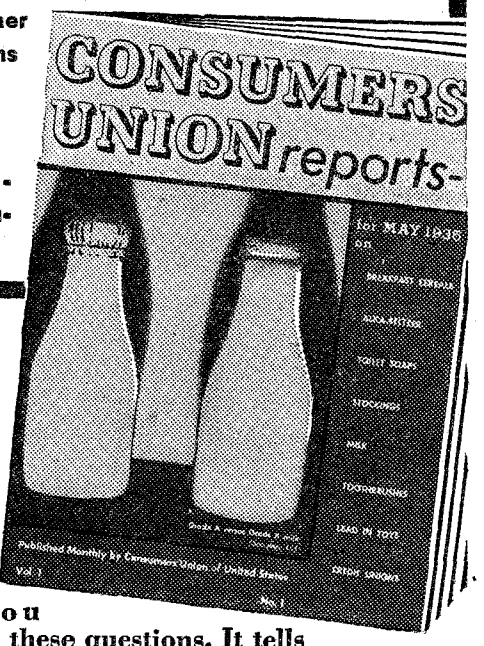

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water; nor could these bayous have furnished the water, since their dampness is purely literary. Here is the flower without the root, here are ideas without being.

The ideas sound particularly silly in their modern setting, such as it is. Mr. Myers is enough of a twentieth-century Englishman to want to make his people, most of whom are fellow-countrymen in exile, speak the clipped and savorless speech of their spent kind. So they say less than they mean; murmur with small mouths; understate most gallantly, most nobly. But then the time arrives for them to be mystics, or for Wentworth at any rate to suggest the eternal presence of earth's mind. The theme calls for trumpets, for woodwinds, for bells. And what do we hear? Mere lips, mere teeth, intelligently clipping sound.

MARK VAN DOREN

"Above the Average"

ANTONY (VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH): A RECORD OF YOUTH. By His Father the Earl of Lytton. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

"KNEBBY," the boxing peer, had most of the qualifications of a candidate for the role of a twentieth-century Sir Philip Sidney. He excelled in all games and sports; his promise was cut short by accidental death; and his life, like Sidney's, provides an unusually revealing social document. There is a certain embarrassment in reading the early letters from Eton, intimate and self-satisfied letters such as most men have written and few would care to see published. But Antony soon tired of exploring the pleasures of the fortunate world into which he was born, and felt vague stirrings of self-justification. Enthralled as he was by Napoleon and Henry V and Mark Antony, "a fine ordinary man, above the average," he wondered, "Is it wrong to win? To try to win? . . . I've got well out of my depth, but I do wish I could be a little less selfish."

These letters illustrate better than anything I have read the upper-class Englishman's terror of being thought serious, his tendency to scurry away to a periphery of games and pastimes until at length huntin', fishin', and shootin' no longer provide a satisfying substitute for thinkin' and doin', and in the resulting confusion his first struggles to come to terms with the world lead to an impatient and immature fascism. Much is revealed in the photographs of Lord Knebworth: the good looks at the time when, with the supreme egoism of boyhood, he busied himself in naively hedonistic pursuits; the slow change from his coming-of-age until his death nearly nine years later. In the year of his majority he wrote: "My face is happy, my jaw large, my forehead negligible, and my hands too large to hold a pen." His forehead was of course anything but negligible. The quality of his Oxford letters and a real distinction of style in the later papers would be sufficient, by themselves, to disprove that. The significance is that he preferred to think it true—it was, in short, good form. "Everything being dandy's what I like," he had written. That was an approved attitude, and led to such statements as "I dislike work so intensely that everything which appears to be connected with it, such as theory, is damned." His short and brilliant career contradicted the words as it underlined the spirit.

A similar mental maladjustment occurred when, as a young National M.P. should, he indulged in political speculations. While still an undergraduate he had tried "to look at everything in a Tory light," and his first nibblings at the forbidden fruit of knowledge were inevitably timid: "Daddy is a free trader and free trade sounds so wonderful." At the age of

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twenty-one he wrote: "I adore Ramsay MacDonald, but . . . I hate the Bolshevists and trade unions and all such things." There is reason to suspect that his anti-labor animus was a result less of conviction than of force of habit, and that when later as parliamentary private secretary at the War Office he discovered that "the whole doctrine of liberalism which has pervaded and ruled the world since the Renaissance has been one ghastly futile blunder," it was partly due to circumstance that he chose the fascist path, forsaking the High Whiggery of the Lyttons to become a neo-Tory. From being "confused, bewildered, and hopeless" about politics, he passed to the reluctant conclusion that "I shall yet have to be the one to save England," since "there can only be justice and freedom where there is strength and determination."

His prowess had always been physical; it was on the rugger field and the ski slope and in the boxing ring that he won laurels and found fullest expression as a boy and youth. Finally, turning back to the world of action for comfort and self-expression after his headlong struggles in the world of ideas, he found joy in the air. To his mother he wrote that flying "will take an edge off my delight," and a few months before his fatal accident he wrote to a friend, "I wish you were in the Air Force too. It is all that is fun now." It is oddly significant that the airman is the symbol of Auden and company at the other end of politics, when, for their part also, they seek salvation in action. Reacting from the intellectual life, they too might have written, "I feel it is good to be alive, and the sheer taste of fresh air is a grand thing in itself." A visit to this country might have provided Lord Knebworth with a more educational relief from himself ("I have a perfect passion for the Americans—they are such scrumptious people"). Unhappily, to speculate on the effects of a study of the American scene is now fruitless. Many readers of Lord Lytton's "record of youth" will be reminded of Marlowe's line: "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight." For throughout the letters there are evidences of an integrity strong enough to translate itself into action if intelligence should have informed sympathy, making possible a more generous view of life and its problems.

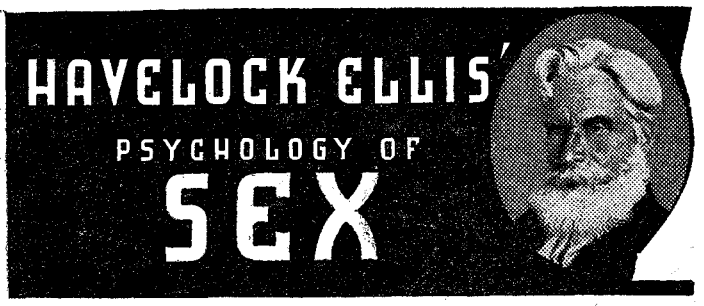
S. GORLEY PUTT

Ethereal Politics

THREE GODS GIVE AN EVENING TO POLITICS. By Richard Rothschild. Random House. $1.50.

THE author of this book could not have made a happier choice in selecting Socrates, Jefferson, and Lenin as protagonists in these imaginary conversations. Jefferson appears in the role of a defender of modern industrial capitalism, Lenin as an experimental humanist, and Socrates as a neo-Hegelian idealist. That the portraits of these thinkers are not altogether drawn in historical character, the author readily admits. Nor does it hinder the progress of the political argument—whatever there is of one. Unfortunately Mr. Rothschild is not so much concerned with the confrontation and development of clear-cut political views as he is with the exposition of a peculiar system of metaphysical idealism according to which man must seek fulfilment in the "Absolute, the organism of all organisms." Just when the reader's interest has been whetted by the introductory dialogues, which are not lacking in persuasiveness and grace, Mr. Rothschild loses himself in disquisitions upon destiny, cosmic society, and the morphology of pleasure.

There is no objection to introducing metaphysical questions into a political discussion provided a logical connection can be



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established between metaphysical theories and political conclusions. This the author fails to do. And in his case the task of showing the relevance of metaphysics to politics is all the more imperative because many thinkers who have subscribed to the generic type of idealism embraced by Mr. Rothschild hold political views quite at variance with his own. Conversely, many who agree with the glimpses Mr. Rothschild presents of his political philosophy would reject his metaphysical utterances as either meaningless or quite definitely false. Many wise sayings flash through the pages of this book, but not one of them depends upon the setting in which it is found.

It is a pity that Mr. Rothschild saw fit to ride his metaphysical hobby horses in these dialogues, especially since he has given them full rein in other writings. He would have been more faithful to the title of the book if he had permitted his sensitive intelligence to play upon the important problems involved in accepting both economic collectivism and the values of individuality, personality, and freedom of intellectual inquiry. It is not enough these days for a writer to proclaim his allegiance to collectivism. The existence of collectivists whose conception of the life of mind suggests the cultural monism of the totalitarian state makes it necessary to state what kind of collectivism is meant. Is it to be a collectivism in which democratic processes of control exist? Or is it to be a collectivism administered by a dictatorship of a minority political party? Is the relative autonomy of art, science, and philosophy to be respected? Or is everything to be retarded as a matter of politics and settled by instruments of political coercion? We cannot begin soon enough to make the necessary distinctions between the various kinds of collectivism—not only in the interests of intellectual clarity but because the battles of tomorrow will in all probability be fought around the issues they raise. These problems would have been worthy of Mr. Rothschild's historical protagonists. Perhaps some day he will return to them without the irrelevant metaphysical metaphors.

SIDNEY HOOK

The Spirit of China

MIRROR OF CHINA. By Louis Laloy. Translated by Catherine A. Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

FRENCH interest in the Orient is of very long standing. More than two hundred years ago the Jesuit missionaries began learning the Chinese language and culture with greater enthusiasm than they were to show in teaching Christianity. The opening New Year of the eighteenth century at the French court was celebrated with Chinese festivities. As far back as 1815 the Collège de France had a Chinese chair, occupied by Abel Rémusat, long before any other European university had anything similar to offer. Rémusat translated as "The Two Cousins" a Chinese novel called "Ju Kiao Li" and delighted Leigh Hunt, Thomas Carlyle, and John Stirling. Théophile Gautier thought Chinese the most important language in the world and secured a native tutor for his daughter. A like enthusiasm is felt by Maspéro, Pelliot, and Laloy.

For thirty years M. Laloy has been studying China, its language and literature. He wrote a good book on Chinese music a quarter of a century ago. He is teaching in the Institut des Hautes Etudes Chinoises at the University of Paris, besides directing the National Opera and writing musical criticism in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* In 1931 the university sent him to China to study the modern theater and literature. "Mirror of China" is the result of his journey through the Suez Canal, Ceylon, Singapore, Annam, China, Manchuria, and Siberia.

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He met many Chinese scholars and artists, some of whom he had known in France, and he lived and talked with them of literature, the arts, the theater, and politics. In the French colony of Indo-China he feels the unfortunate situation of the natives. "The Annamites employed in the administration receive salaries greatly inferior to those of the French. Primary education is inadequate, and secondary education available only as rare favor. Higher education is only to be had in France. The students who return after enjoying it are indignant at the difference between that land, where they are treated as equals, and the colony, where they are held at arm's length. Taxation falls heavily upon everybody, and they are not spared humiliations." Naturally some who return try to stir the people with revolutionary ideas; then they try to escape to China through the forest frontier, as the Koreans to Siberia. If they are captured they are labeled radicals and at once executed. But most of them linger as long as possible on the Paris streets. M. Laloy is angriest at the Japanese for their Asiatic invasions. He sympathizes with the inscription in every lecture room at the Chinese University, "Down with Japanese imperialism."

Modern China is too busy observing things Western. The literary critic likes to quote Aristotle's "Poetics" or Shelley's "A Defense of Poetry" rather than Confucius or Yen Yu. That is the *Geist* of the time. M. Laloy sees the mal-education of Chinese youth. Although the Catholic University teaches every branch of Chinese civilization, in too many universities the students learn nothing. They lack culture and moral stamina. He says that the Chinese government has made the irretrievable error of excluding the classical works of China from the curriculum. "The sole ambition is to obtain a diploma. . . . As for a diploma, it means nothing, for most of the Chinese universities have adopted the American method, which makes it the reward of regular attendance at lectures without any examination into the students' acquirements, and accepts marks of attendance and written tests as a substitute for examination marks."

M. Laloy describes all the Chinese types: the reformer, the philosopher, the painter, the poet, the coolie. He notices the children and says, "The children I had seen in China, whether rich or poor, whether petted or in rags, were all nice, friendly, smiling, and innocently trustful, as though the cruelty of man was a thing unknown to them." Personally I don't think that Chinese children or servants are any better than Western, but I can understand M. Laloy; there is an Oriental saying, "If you think your wife is beautiful, you will see beauty even in the pile of dung in your in-law's barnyard."

He gives a very good picture of Chinese cookery—the taste of swallows-nest soup, "the savor of an unseen ocean" in the soft transparent white seaweeds. Of course the Chinese spend much time in cooking; like the French, they consider cooking an art and never take only a few minutes for cooking steak as in America. A Chinese fed on *Kartoffeln* in Germany meal after meal, or mutton in England every day can appreciate his native cooking as much as M. Laloy, not for materialistic reasons alone but because he recalls how even the celebrated Li T'ai Po drew his "happiest imagery from brimming cup," and how the exiled Tu Fu enjoyed his roast beef. Both reached the poets' heaven by these means—one by kissing the moon in the lake while drunk and the other by overeating roast beef while hungry.

M. Laloy's pages on Chinese music are very stimulating. Once a disciple played a few wrong notes before his master Confucius, who remarked: "He has mounted the threshold to the outer hall, but has not yet penetrated to the inner apartments." M. Laloy has entered into the soul of Chinese music,

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which is a mere ting-jang monotony to most Westerners. He thinks the union of the music of China and Europe is possible, because the scales are constructed upon exactly the same notes. "The points of contact do exist. To discover them, it would be necessary to know the history of music not only in Germany but in Europe, from the Middle Ages down to the present." He is right, and no one would be better able to point out these similarities than himself.

Just as he grants to every note its music, saying, "Music imparts the same emotion to all those who listen to it: it encourages humanity," so M. Laloy chooses his own words carefully, seeking to communicate sound, smell, shade, and hue. Describing a Chinese landscape as he saw it on an excursion outside the city, he says, "The silence is only broken by a stream, falling in a series of waterfalls, but invisible beneath the dark moss. We are like those initiated into the mysteries, who hunt for the cloven mushroom, shining among dark undergrowth, which is said to prolong human life." Such lines as these convey China's secret of power and suave tranquillity. M. Laloy writes with beauty of color harmonized by his sense of form.

The translation from the French is well done.

YOUNGHILL KANG

Shorter Notices

RAW MATERIALS, POPULATION PRESSURE, AND WAR. By Sir Norman Angell. Boston: World Peace Foundation. 75 cents.

It has been fashionable of late to give an economic complexion to all causes leading to war. In this pamphlet Sir Norman Angell shows with admirable clarity and conciseness that other more subtle causes often account for military adventures. Both Japan and Italy have given the need of access to raw materials and population pressure as reasons for their present militaristic ventures, but history shows that the colonies which each have possessed for years have not been instrumental in solving either problem. As the author pointedly sets forth, "these efforts for new territory, the vast risks and costs undertaken in these military adventures, do not represent any carefully thought-out plan of economic advantage, welfare, wealth, prosperity; they represent that struggle for power which is the sole means of defense available for a nation in a world of international anarchy." Constantly changing tariffs, the lack of monetary stability, and the ignorance of these facts on the part of the public have served as major factors in causing these unsettled conditions. These conditions of "international anarchy" have in turn led nations to seek security and defense "by the method of anarchy, by individual power, which means that each must try to be stronger than the other." The tariff policy of the United States has contributed a great deal to these barriers to international cooperation. It is unjust then to assume an attitude of public horror against the Italian and Japanese governments for seeking a solution, however misguided and futile, to conditions in which we ourselves have played a leading part. "We must face the fact," Sir Norman Angell continues, "that a nation's tariff policy, exchange restrictions, monetary policy, have ceased to be purely its own affair." Although the author does not see much hope in world conferences, since the ones we have had in the past have failed so miserably, he sees some possibility of a slow extension of these principles through the activities of such bodies as the International Labor Office, by cooperation among central banks, and by bilateral commercial treaties. In the last analysis, however, he finds that "steady

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movement in the right direction will be impossible if public opinion, expressing itself in pressure upon politicians and governments, continues to be dominated by certain misconceptions which have hampered sound policy in the past."

VIVE LE ROY. By Ford Madox Ford. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

Novels of mystery have never been noted for their authenticity, but there are limits, conceivably, even to the credulity of mystery fans. Herein Mr. Ford exceeds these limits so freely and so often that his laborious roguishness serves only to emphasize his novel's basic falsity. The scene is that of a future royalist France just recently succored from the bungling rule of Communists. Into its turbulence is transported an American hero (non-Communist) charged with delivering to the Parisian comrades $20,000 from a strangely wealthy New York party. On shipboard appears a Greenwich Village artist-heroine to chatter Fordian-American slang with a Fordian-English accent. "Paradise!" she exclaims at intervals, and seems obsessed —during attacks of Fordian streams of consciousness—with "beasts" who want to "make" her "whilst" she slumbers. By the time the two arrive in Paris they are passionately in love for no good reason; a Dutch detective has appeared to sniff a plot and plant some clues; a French Lord Chamberlain has given indications of greater mystery than his beady eye and ebon beard at first would indicate. Then ensues much Message to Garcia business, replete with cloak-and-sword trappings and a savor of the Man in the Iron Mask, complicated no end by *camelots* (pernicious fellows given to jabbing hypodermics into unsuspecting conspirators). By page 209 the reader has solved the creaking mystery for himself. Unfortunately, Mr. Ford requires an additional 133 pages in which to recapitulate. It is one thing for him to have had "a glorious time"—as the jacket proclaims—in concocting his mystery; it is quite another for him to have lacked the skill to hide the scaffold of his plot until the end. He embarrasses the reader throughout by the difficulty he has in deducing his own deductions.

RECORDS

VICTOR treats us this month to a small Brahms festival. The most important item is the second piano concerto —the first recording in some years—played by Artur Schnabel with the B. B. C. Orchestra under Adrian Boult (six records, $12). There are a few minor disappointments: some of the runs are smudged; the top register of the piano does not record so brilliantly on wax as does the orchestra; and one could have wished for a less tentative statement of the beautiful *Immer leiser* theme of the third movement by the solo cello. But these flaws do not seriously detract from a broadly and poetically conceived performance by both soloist and orchestra. In the hands of lesser artists this concerto sometimes seems to fall apart into a bundle of unrelated parts. Not so here. Despite the wide variety of mood and the wealth of thematic material, this is a mature, well-knit, and thoroughly masculine performance.

The second major item of the festival is a re-recording of the First Symphony by Stokowski and the Philadelphians (five records, $10). Those familiar with the earlier recording will recognize the characteristic brilliance of the strings and the slightly exaggerated portamento. Space does not permit a de-

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Benjamin Stolberg on Jews and the World

In this brilliant article to appear soon in *The Nation,* Benjamin Stolberg answers the arguments advanced in "Jews in America" by the editors of *Fortune.*

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tailed comparison of the two versions, but in the newer one Mr. Stokowski depends for his musical effects more on clearly articulated line than on dramatic devices.

To round out the Brahms program, there are four *Lieder* sung by Elisabeth Schumann on one ten-inch record ($1.50). This is the least satisfactory of the contributions as Mme. Schumann, despite an exquisitely clear natural voice, affects the pet vices of many *Liedersänger*—scooping and unnecessarily marked dynamics. They are particularly noticeable in the familiar "Wiegenlied."

Still in a festival mood, Victor issues an album entitled "Highlights from Aïda" (six records, $10). This contains no fewer than three sopranos as Aïda (Ponselle, Giannini, and Rethberg), three tenors as Rhadames (Caruso, Pertile, and Martinelli), and five orchestras (Victor, Boston "Pops," La Scala, Berlin State Opera, and an anonymous "with orchestra"). The result is, of course, a hodge-podge, but an extremely interesting one. The old Caruso "Celeste Aïda," fitted out with a fresh orchestral accompaniment, is magically resurrected so that it sounds more lifelike than the old record from which it must have been taken. However, it is still without the overtones of, say, the Ponselle-Martinelli "O terra addio," the last record in the album. The most brilliant recording is, as usual, turned in by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra with the Grand March and the "Ballabili," while the most beautiful singing from the role of Aïda is done by Elisabeth Rethberg in "O patria mia."

Columbia specializes this month in Nathan Milstein's violin playing. The Vitali Chaconne is reissued in an album with the Adagio from Bach's G minor sonata for violin alone (two records, $3). In addition Columbia brings out a short recital including the Vivaldi D major sonata and four shorter pieces (three records, $1.50 each). Mr. Milstein is at his best in passages that require a clean, clear technique, notably the last movement of the Vivaldi and the Paganini-Kreisler "La Campanella." Leopold Mittmann's alert and well-recorded accompaniments are important contributions to the success of these records.

The Kolisch Quartet adds the Schubert String Quartet in A minor to its list for Columbia, and for good measure throws in the Quartetsatz in C minor, the second theme of which is the source of "Say It with Music" (eight records, $6). It may be because the Kolisch members play without notes and thus do not have the interference of music stands that the separate voices record with remarkable clearness. Even when the tone of Mr. Kolisch himself, the first violin, stands out with unusual strength, the other three voices are clearly articulated. The first movement, which opens with a beautiful song-like theme in the first violin accompanied by two different rhythmical figures and bass, is a good illustration of this fine clarity.

Other recent recordings by Victor include some highly engaging virtuosity by Vladimir Horowitz in two pieces by Poulenc and an étude by Debussy (one record, $2); more virtuosity by Gregor Piatigorsky wasted on some nonsense by Weber and expended more profitably on a "Largo and Vivo" by Francœur (one record, $2); and two competently played and splendidly recorded overtures by the B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra under Adrian Boult — Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" and Beethoven's "Coriolan," both of which needed more modern recordings (one record each, $1.50). And if you want to hear a handsome performance of the kind of music you get in New York Russian restaurants, try Columbia's release of a Russian and a Bessarabian folksong arranged and sung by Peter Lescenco (one record, $1).

HENRY SIMON

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. Morosco Theater. Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT. Shubert Theater. Robert Sherwood manages somehow to make a smashing theatrical success out of an anti-war play. With the Lunts and many other entertaining trimmings.

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SAINT JOAN. Martin Beck Theater. Brilliant interpretation by Katharine Cornell of what may well be Shaw's most enduring play.

END OF SUMMER. Guild Theater. The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REPERTORY. Majestic Theater. The same company which usually appears about this time of year in pleasant revivals. A weekly change of program.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. Broadhurst Theater. Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN. Columbia. Directed by Frank Capra, and even better than "It Happened One Night." Gary Cooper as the rustic and quixotic Mr. Deeds is not only charming but meaningful, and the whole film has human importance.

PEG OF OLD DRURY. British and Dominion (Paramount). An eighteenth-century costume piece with Sir Cedric Hardwicke as David Garrick and Anna Neagle as Peg Woffington. Delightfully unhistorical.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The Marx Brothers in their best picture to date. Hilarious and brilliant.

MODERN TIMES. Charles Chaplin. Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. Gaumont British. René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. Fox. Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

DUBROVSKY. Amkino. As romantic as Pushkin, on whose unfinished novel it is based. Not wholly successful, but interesting as a variation on the orthodox Russian theme.

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Letters to the Editors

VEBLEN AND HENRY GEORGE

Dear Sirs: Max Lerner gives us an evaluation of Veblen in *The Nation* of March 11 that is at once stimulating and disappointing. Surely in his final paragraph Mr. Lerner allows his enthusiasm for Veblen—which I confess I share—to seduce his critical judgment. "Such phrases," he writes, "as 'conspicuous waste,' 'absentee ownership,' 'vested interests,' 'leisure class,' 'invidious distinction,' 'calculable future,' have worked themselves into the texture of our own vocabulary in a way that shows the enduring appeal of Veblen's writing."

The theory of vested interests was a doctrine of American radical social philosophy before "The Vested Interests and the State of the Industrial Arts" made its appearance in 1919. Aside from the rise of the shibboleth into popular use in the '80's and '90's, the idea received formulation at the hands of Henry George in "The Science of Political Economy." Actually, its outlines appeared in George's editorials years before.

Those of us who feel that it can in no sense detract from the many other contributors to the philosophy of American radical liberalism to insist upon the importance of George, the social philosopher, can but remain unsatisfied with the work of a competent reviewer which includes the sweeping statement: "His [Veblen's] approach to the problems of this generation would be quite different from that of the other progressives and radicals."

This, obviously, excludes George, though he *did* "seek the roots of fascism not only in the immediate struggle for power but more searchingly in the entire history of the predatory barbarian tradition." It also excludes John Dewey, certainly an appreciative contemporary of Veblen. Mr. Lerner should ask himself if Veblen's approach is not characteristic of the radical wing of American Populism.

In these shortcomings Mr. Lerner is not alone. In all that has been written in recent years on Veblen, critical and eulogistic, the statements have become common. Previously, they could be ignored. But when a critic with Mr. Lerner's background gives them currency, it is time to object lest the interpretations become legendary. Perhaps if there were available an adequate study of the relation between George's thought and Veblen's this letter would not have had to be written.

EDWARD W. BELL

Clifton, N. J., April 20

"GERMANY—A WINTER'S TALE"

Dear Sirs: In your issue of April 22 Lion Feuchtwanger refers to Heinrich Heine's satirical "Germany—a Winter's Tale," and points out its timeliness. How gifted a prophet Heine was is shown strikingly by a passage in the first volume of his book "Uber Deutschland," in the chapter headed Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland. It reads, in translation:

> Christendom—and this is its most beautiful merit—has somewhat mollified that brutal Germanic lust for battle, but could not destroy it, and when the taming talisman, the cross, finally breaks down, then there will again come clashing up the wildness of the old battlers, the mad Berserk rage of which the Nordic poets sing and tell so much. That talisman is decaying, and the day will come when it collapses pitiably. The old stone gods will then rise from the long-forgotten debris and rub the dust of a thousand years out of their eyes, and Thor with the giant hammer will finally spring up and shatter the Gothic cathedrals.

S. MILES BOUTON

Ashville, N. Y., April 18

Dear Sirs: In the course of his article "Germany—a Winter's Tale" Lion Feuchtwanger has made some misleading statements. In particular I take issue with him on the question whether or not Germany has been brought to her present state as a result of the activities of the Hitler government.

Regardless of who caused the Great War, regardless of how Germany *might* have treated the Allies had she been the victor, the fact remains that the Allies made Germany what she is. Having gone through four years of hell, the last of which saw a skin-and-bone civilian population, Germans were faced with the probability of becoming slaves, and having their children become slaves, to the Allied Powers for the next ten, twenty, thirty years. In a land filled with chaos, in a land where money was so abundant that its holders used it for book covers and wall paper, or cherished it as a bitter memento to be handed down to their offspring—in this land of misery the Allies proceeded to degrade the German people still further, to strip them of their last vestiges of honor and self-respect.

Are we, then, to believe, as Mr. Feuchtwanger does, that it is Hitlerism that has "reduced to slim rations, inadequate living quarters," the people "which once had the means to be well fed and well clothed"? No. Germany's plight has not been the work of the Third Reich but of those nations that are today so desperately convening councils, signing pacts, and declaring for peace—the war-time Allied powers.

LEONARD A. GREENBERG

New York, April 20

VERMONTERS STILL ON STRIKE

Dear Sirs: The striking marble workers in Rutland County, Vermont, are now in their seventh month of struggle (under the leadership of their union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor) for decent working conditions. They are fighting against the feudal regime of the Proctor family, which has dominated the economic and political life of Vermont for decades.

A false story is now being circulated that the strike is over. This is not true. Six months ago 670 men came out, and 640 are still on strike after fighting through a bitter Vermont winter on an average income of $1.86 per family per week.

The Vermont Marble Company is now using all means to smash this strike, destroy the union, and drive the quarrymen and marble workers back to work without a union agreement. Five strikers were convicted and sentenced a week ago to from one to two years on the charge of attacking a strike-breaker. They are now in the state penitentiary, held without bail pending appeal. During the past few weeks the local press has reported several cases of "dynamiting" which strangely enough do not hurt any one or anything. Rewards of $600 are posted for the arrest of the culprits. This is the old game of prejudicing public opinion

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against strikers by "arranging" dynamitings and the like. Out of these events, however, may come a frame-up of union leaders.

The strike goes on. The workers will fight and win if you will help them right now. Meetings are held at Room 9, 7 West Fourteenth Street, every Monday night at 8 p.m. Come and help the Green Mountain boys win their fight.

PERCY SHOSTAC,
Chairman, United Committee to Aid Vermont Marble Workers

New York, May 4

THE NATION IN PRISON

Dear Sirs: The International Labor Defense has complied with the prison requirements of Salem Penitentiary, but none of the liberal publications including *The Nation* are being delivered to Dirk De Jonge and Edward Denny there. For the past two weeks the papers have been sent direct to the prison.

We urge you to publish this fact, explaining to your readers that this interference with the mail of political prisoners is a blow against freedom of the press. The fact that the *Oregon Journal,* a reactionary publication, is delivered to them and that other capitalistic papers are sold in the prison proves this. Readers should send letters of protest to Warden W. J. Lewis, Route 6, Box 1, Salem, Oregon.

EARL STEWARD

Portland, Ore., April 22

WILL CALIFORNIA REPEAL THE SALES TAX?

Dear Sirs: The article by Lillian Symes in *The Nation* of April 22 entitled After Epic in California fails to touch upon what seems to me the most important feature of the political landscape in California today. This is the pending constitutional amendment submitted under the initiative providing for the repeal of the sales tax and the gradual removal during a period of five years of all taxation upon improvements and tangible personal property.

The real-estate boards and the chambers of commerce are under no delusions about the fundamental character of this proposition and are raising thousands of dollars more than six months before the election to encompass its defeat. Whether they will succeed or not cannot be told till Election Day, but the alarm of the privileged groups cannot be discounted. Evidently the pocket nerve has been seriously touched, and the California papers are filled with misrepresentations of its purpose and effect.

Meanwhile all the trade-union groups are united behind it, and the small business men are joining in the fight. The same is true of all progressive newspapers, though the so-called great dailies hear the master's voice and oppose it.

JACKSON H. RALSTON

Palo Alto, Cal., April 21

THE WAY TO DISARM—

Dear Sirs: Versatile and energetic, the baffling Gentleman from New York, Vito Marcantonio, recently introduced into Congress a sufficiently startling constitutional amendment to prick the curiosity of your readers. Incidentally he has earned the gratitude of the Woman's Peace Union, which from profound conscientious motives drafted this amendment which not alone outlaws war for the United States but actually and categorically provides for complete independent disarmament. Introduced into the Senate ten years ago by a realistic "dirt farmer" of North Dakota, Senator Lynn J. Frazier, it has afforded a keen talking-point for three hearings in Washington.

Success, therefore, to H. J. Res. 528!

TRACY D. MYGATT

New York, April 11

QUILTS FOR LABOR

Dear Sirs: A group of housewives in Santa Cruz, California, experts in piecing and quilting handworked quilts in the early American tradition, spend several afternoons a week in making such quilts, all money from their sale going to the International Labor Defense for aid to political and labor prisoners.

They take orders for quilts in any size, color scheme, or pattern. Information can be had from, and orders placed with, the Northern California district office of the International Labor Defense, Room 410, 1005 Market Street.

MADELINE CRAIG

San Francisco, March 26

CORRECTION

[In an editorial paragraph on the strike in the May store in Brooklyn, in *The Nation* for April 22, reference was made to "May's Department Store." No reference was intended to the May Company, known as the May Department Stores, with branches in Los Angeles and several other cities.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

CONTRIBUTORS

MARGARET MARSHALL was a member of the fence-sitting fraternity who managed to follow the important proceedings of the convention of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, although they were not allowed inside. With Rose Stein as guide, she also visited a number of steel towns in the Pittsburgh area.

JAMES T. FARRELL is the author of the Studs Lonigan trilogy, the last of which, "Judgment Day," was available for the Pulitzer novel prize, but was evidently too distinguished to receive it.

LOUIS FISCHER mailed his article from Rome eight days before the departure of Emperor Haile Selassie from Addis Ababa, when Mussolini's Ethiopian adventure was all over but the shouting—and the menacing consequences which Mr. Fischer so ably discusses.

GEORGE SELDES, author of "Freedom of the Press" and "Sawdust Cæsar," was a foreign correspondent in various countries of Europe from 1916 to 1928.

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SIDNEY HOOK, author of "Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx," is professor of philosophy at New York University.

YOUNGHILL KANG, a Korean student of the literature and philosophy of the Orient, wrote the story of his life in "The Grass Roof." He is a member of the English Department of New York University.

THE DRAWINGS on pages 640 and 641 are taken from the Anti-War and Anti-Fascist International Exhibition of Drawings, Prints, and Cartoons, held recently at the New School of Social Research in New York City under the auspices of the American Artists' Congress. The exhibition will be shown in Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis, Boston, Detroit, St. Louis, and Philadelphia.

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